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THE CANADIAN FORUM

A Monthly Journal of Literature and Public Affairs



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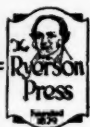
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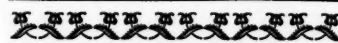


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THE CANADIAN FORUM

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THE CANADIAN FORUM

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UNCERTAINTY AT OTTAWA

IN the present session of Parliament it may be the unexpected that will happen. In the debate on the Speech from the Throne Mr. King made it clear that his Government reserves the right to go to the country when it likes, and we may be sure that in this case economics will determine politics, for the Prime Minister's choice of an election (like many a private citizen's choice of a new car) must depend largely on the state of the wheat market. If the present depression is relieved in the next two months and the summer opens prosperously, Mr. King may cut the session short and seek a new mandate before proceeding to the Imperial Conference: if conditions remain dull he will just make the old mandate carry him through another year. Since the Imperial Conference is to meet on September 30, it seems that if we are to have an election before another session it will have to be held in midsummer or midwinter and the politicians will be doomed to perspire or to freeze in the public interest. This will give an edge of sincerity to the usual protests against the country being plunged into a general election at whatever time may be secretly chosen by the party in power for reasons of expediency pure and simple; but every system is open to abuse and if the Government's opportunism should crowd out some matters awaiting decision by the Commons it will also ensure that others are handled with despatch.

* * *

IT is interesting to note the matters which the Government intend to clear up as quickly as possible so that in the event of an election becoming advisable they may go to the country with a creditable record of eleventh-hour achievements. The business which Parliament was expected to deal with this session included the return of their natural resources to the western provinces, the revision of the Pensions Act, and the consolidation of the Grain Act. Divorce courts for Ontario, stoppage of liquor clearances to the U.S.A., tariff revision, and the St. Lawrence Waterway project were also expected to come under consideration, and all these were subjects in which the country had shown a lively interest. In the Speech from the Throne these four contentious matters were not men-

tioned, but at the first Liberal caucus held after Parliament met a decision was taken to bring in legislation to stop the export of liquor to the United States, and a few days later the Prime Minister himself introduced a bill to that effect. While the question of importing divorce courts into Ontario is almost as warm an issue at Ottawa as the exporting of whiskey to the U.S.A., it is of more interest to members of the Commons and the Senate than to the general public; Quebec is opposed to any change and Ontario opinion is still divided, so it was left to Mr. Woodsworth of Winnipeg to bring in the same measure that failed to pass last session and it had to take its chance as a private bill. Twenty-six Ontario members helped to kill it by a majority of one. Any tariff revision of course will be embodied in the budget, while the Waterway question apparently is still regarded as dynamite. Of the matters on which action was promised in the Speech from the Throne, war-pensions legislation was given first place; the Government's bill has drawn heavy fire from the opposition, but its principle has been approved by Sir Arthur Currie and the Dominion President of the Canadian Legion, and it will at least provide for a large class of veterans whose disabilities have not been pensionable under the old Act.

* * *

THE pensions controversy centres on the fact that while the Government's measure provides for that class of veterans known as 'burnt-outs', no new legislation has been brought down to provide for the ex-soldiers who are suffering from some definite disability which for one reason or another they are unable to prove attributable to their war service. In the past the onus of proof that his disability is due to service has been placed on the veteran; and while the vast majority of cases have been fairly and even generously treated, individual ones are continually cropping up where some deserving claimant has been unable to secure adequate provision under the present Act. There have been numerous instances where the man has developed a disability owing to some whiff of gas he got in the trenches, yet because he carried on and did not report sick at the time no record exists on his medical history sheet of this primary cause of later trouble. There have been many cases where men

suffering various disabilities at the time of their discharge did not report them because of their desire to get home quickly and their fear of being detained in hospital camps. And outside these categories are many other cases more complicated. The opposition's amendment to the present Pensions Act is a proposal that a reputable physician's opinion that an ex-soldier's disability is due directly or indirectly to his war service should validate a claim for pension unless the Board of Pension Commissioners could disprove the claim. In effect, this would lift the onus of proof from the applicant and place the onus of disproof on the Board, and it is not surprising that so radical a change in principle should be hotly debated. The encouraging aspect of the discussion in the House has been the eagerness of all parties to do justice to the veterans—a disposition which marked the speeches of members so widely different in their politics as Col. Geary of Toronto and M. Bourassa of Labelle. Col. Geary supported the opposition's amendment introduced by Mr. McGibbon: M. Bourassa agreed 'with almost every word uttered by the member for South Toronto' and professed that he had always found 'that true soldiers are broader on this question than many civilians who exploit the soldier and his valour in order to make cheap capital'; but he appealed against the principle that the testimony of an outsider chosen by the applicant should override the judgment of a Board appointed by law. Since this difference on principle is the only real point at issue, the Pensions Committee should be able to work out a compromise that will ensure all applicants being given the benefit of any reasonable doubt.

* * *

THE Prime Minister's bill to prohibit the export of liquor to the U.S.A. affords a striking example of the interplay of forces working for public, party, and private interests in our politics. In 1926, when the great smuggling scandal threw Parliament into confusion, it was found that the export trade in liquor to the United States was the rotten core of a bad business, and not out of any consideration for our neighbours but in our own interests a Parliamentary committee recommended that clearances of liquor cargoes to United States ports be prohibited. This recommendation was endorsed by Parliament, and in the following election the Government pledged itself to press the investigation of the customs service and to carry out all needed requirements. A royal commission subsequently brought in a report revealing an even worse state of affairs in the liquor business than had been suspected, and one of its recommendations was that clearances to United States ports be stopped. That report was submitted to the new Parliament and endorsed unanimously, but no action in regard to liquor clearances was taken, and when the matter was again brought up in the House last year Mr. Euler, speaking for the Government, declared in so many words that no action need be expected. It is only now, when an election is in prospect, that Mr. King is able to force his party to back a reform that our Parliament has openly and repeatedly endorsed but which will curb the profits of private individuals interested in the liquor export business.

* * *

THE export of liquor from Canada to the United States has been the cause of so much friction between the two countries during recent years that

the discussion of the whole question has come to turn on its international aspect and to resolve itself into an argument as to whether we should or should not permit liquor to be exported to a country where its use is prohibited. Apparently Mr. King is content to let the issue appear in this light, for his bill lays down the principle that no liquor shall be released from any Canadian distillery, brewery, or bond warehouse for delivery to a country into which its importation is prohibited, and that no vessel carrying liquor cargo shall be given clearance papers to any port in such a country. We need not modify our views on prohibition to endorse this principle and its application: this is a question of manners rather than morals, and if all our talk of international goodwill means anything at all we can hardly continue to hand out a million gallons of whiskey every year to American law-breakers, pocket our excise tax of nine dollars a gallon, and maintain that it is no business of ours if several thousand American bootleggers, hi-jackers, and law-officers bribe, rob or shoot each other in getting it through to its destination. If Mr. King puts his bill through (and with a Liberal majority in the Senate there is no reason why he should not), we shall have done all that international amenity demands; and if we lose several millions of revenue we shall gain the satisfaction of having permanently weakened a corrupting influence in our national life. Of course, more Canadian whiskey will find its way into the United States via the roundabout route of St. Pierre Miquelon (it is estimated that if the inhabitants of those happy isles consumed all the liquor we ship to them even now their annual ration would be fifty gallons for every man, woman, and child); but that is a genuine export trade on which no excise is collected and it is no concern of ours where the whiskey subsequently goes.

* * *

WHEN we remember the revelations made by the customs commission of the sums contributed by the liquor interests to campaign funds, we must admit that the Liberals are making real if belated sacrifices for the sake of their principles. No doubt, in this matter as in that of war pensions, the party organizers are hoping that the Government's action will create a favourable pre-election atmosphere, but nevertheless the party will be fairly entitled to any credit it gets from the general public. The critical tussle between Liberals and Conservatives, however, will be over the farmers' vote. The opposition has some results to show for its proselytizing work of the past few years; the dairy farmers have been won over to the extent of demanding protection against New Zealand butter, and the Liberal hold on Saskatchewan seems to have been severely shaken. On the other hand the Government is working hard to placate the West; legislation for the return of Manitoba's and Alberta's natural resources is being hurried, great concessions apparently have been made to secure a satisfactory agreement with Saskatchewan on the same issue, and the consolidation of the Grain Act will be pushed through. Less creditable examples of this propitiatory spirit are to be seen in the Government's anxiety to dodge responsibility for an immigration policy and its promise of a new trade treaty with New Zealand. But the decision of the Saskatchewan farmers to emulate their brothers in Alberta and enter politics as a class group is a portent not to be ignored, and

the real hope for the Government lies in a bold tariff cut. For if the party which professes to represent the agricultural interest makes no advances whatever towards the freer trade which is the farmers' main objective in Federal politics, the inevitable consequence will be that more farmers will accept the Conservative view that protection for their own products is the best they can expect, and more still will send group representatives instead of Liberals to Ottawa. The Liberals' chances hinge on the provisions of Mr. Dunning's first budget which are still wrapped in secrecy at the time of writing.

RICHARD DE BRISAY.

NOTES AND COMMENT

INSIDIOUS PROPAGANDA

OF ALL the forms of demoralization which developed during the last war none was more insidious, and ultimately more complete than that which showed itself in the increasing shamelessness and indecency of the methods of propaganda officially employed. Neither truth nor probability were considered in the laudable effort to uphold the morale of the people, and to stimulate their war-fever. The ignorance and prejudice of the general public were exploited mercilessly and often ludicrously, and it has been given little opportunity to recover from the effects of this defilement, as the methods first made use of in war have since been found equally effective in the later conflicts with Sinn Fein, Communism, etc. And we notice now that they are being employed again in an almost incredibly ludicrous way against Mahatma Gandhi. It is only curious to see that while the English press still preserves an appearance of respect for the personal qualities of their strange opponent, in some quarters here the process of vilification is astonishingly thorough. In a recent leading article highly coloured with the true Western contempt for this false prophet of the East, the real evil of Gandhi's purpose was exposed and duly contrasted with the noble aims of the great European powers at this moment assembled in council to reduce their armaments and so secure the peace of the world. And it was shown that with supreme cunning this 'fakir' had chosen this very moment, when the Western world was as it were off its guard to let loose the forces of violence—camouflaged of course behind such phrases as non-cooperation and passive resistance—to bring about the disintegration of the British Empire, and thus threaten the very institution upon which the peace of the world depends.

D. H. LAWRENCE

ANOTHER interesting example of the ennobling influence of the daily press in Canada is afforded in some of the notices we have recently read of the death of D. H. Lawrence. Their source is the Associated Press originally, but suitable details are added to the few meagre facts about his life and death. We are reminded of the really outstanding incidents of his career—the prosecution of the *Rainbow* in 1915, some later prosecutions vaguely referred to of other books treating of sex, and the raiding of an exhibition of his paintings in London in the summer of 1929. A few titles of novels are given, sometimes inaccurately, to emphasize this general impression of

scandalous notoriety. But not a word appears to indicate that D. H. Lawrence was a real poet, a writer capable of the most powerful and noble prose, a man with a fierce intensity of purpose and a passionate sincerity, which though it may have endangered his artistic reputation will certainly give him a place among the great English prophets. There can be no doubt that in due time men like Mahatma Gandhi and D. H. Lawrence will be recognized even by the general consensus of opinion and honoured for the fine and heroic qualities of their lives and works. And even in their lifetime—in so different manner and degree—they have both exercised great influence and have earned sometimes in surprising quarters full recognition. But it is not the less a degrading spectacle to see them here at the mercy of the chattering and jeers of the apes and asses of common journalism, who are always afraid and angry and uncomfortable at the challenge of any kind of greatness.

THE KU KLUX KLAN

VARIOUS attempts have been made by interested organizers to establish the offensive buffoonery of the Ku Klux Klan in Canada, and the province of Ontario has had the dishonour to provide the first example of direct action by members of the Klan. The scene was not a township on the northern frontier but the town of Oakville, midway between the cities of Toronto and Hamilton. A native citizen of Oakville, reputed to have negro blood in him (it turned out later that his coloured ancestor was an Indian), proposed to marry a girl in the locality and the couple had already secured a marriage license when the Klan chose to interfere in their affairs. On the evening of February 28 the two young people were playing cards in the home of the man's aunt when a column of masked Klansmen entered the town, burned a cross on the main street, took the girl from the house, escorted her to the home of her mother, and then calling at the home of the man's parents informed them that if their son was ever again seen walking in the street with a white girl the Klan would attend to him. On their way out of town these 'Knights of the Invisible Empire' were met by the chief of police; they informed him of the action they had taken, and (incredible though it may seem) were allowed to proceed to Hamilton whence they had come. Some of them were recognized as 'prominent business men' in Hamilton; three were prosecuted and one was fined \$50. Within a week of this affair a meeting of Communists, held in daylight before the city hall of Toronto, was broken up by the police, some of those who tried to speak on political questions being freely knocked about while other were run into the police cells. If Ontario was true to its vaunted British traditions, Communists would be allowed to speak and meetings of masked Klansmen would be dispersed with night-sticks. If some of these 'prominent business men' parading in their Knight-shirts were cracked over the head, trampled in the mud, and then heaved into a lousy gaol, they would be content perhaps to mind their own business for the future. The Klan spirit is rooted in intolerance and can bear only evil fruit. Every revival of this society in the country of its origin has had the same history: it begins with Mumbo Jumbo and ends in bloody murder. There is no place for it in Canada.

AN ORNITHOLOGICAL SCANDAL

TORONTO is fortunate in the naturalistic bent of its newspaper editors. Most of its citizens have long known the *Globe* robin, a famous figure for a quarter century and more. Now the other papers, belatedly discovering the Canadian interest in wild life, have vied with each other to give the people what it wants. For a year the *Mail and Empire* has been printing front-page stories of bears and deer and skunks from which we have learned some amazing things about these strange creatures, and the *Star* has been an energetic rival. As long ago as February it was acting as advance agent for the now returning birds, to say nothing of mosquitos and wakeful groundhogs. Then one of its staff had a really bright idea and borrowed a half dozen or so of birds from the Royal Ontario Museum to display in one of its windows. Among them were a robin, a bluebird, a crow, a grackle, a red-winged blackbird, and 'the red-wing's wife'. It was the last which interested us in particular. It was not the demure black-pencilled, olive-brown and grey bird we had greeted as Mrs. Redwing last year; it was olive-green with a white breast boldly dotted over with black. 'What', we said to ourselves, 'has been going on here? Have Mr. Woodsworth's efforts in Ottawa had this effect? Or, worse still, have the doings in Reno penetrated the innocent communities of the birds? Too bad! Too bad! How hard for Mr. Thrush!' But our pity was mingled with condemnation—condemnation for a journal so loving of sensation that it must make a public display of this painful scandal, and for the Museum which aided and abetted it.



ONE of the benefits to be expected from the present hard times on this continent is that we shall see a revival of politics. While the great boom was on, the medicine-men of big business with the constant beating of their prosperity tom-toms succeeded in lulling our political senses into a trance. It was no longer necessary to think about the future. North America would automatically reach the millennium by the simple expedient of letting our business leaders follow their nose for money. Our industrial and financial magnates were the only statesmen we needed. All that the rest of us had to do was to whoop it up for the frenzied course on which they led us of over-production in everything from motor cars to investment trusts. But all that looks a little bit foolish now. We can no longer shut our eyes to the fact of large-scale unemployment. We begin to realize that there were considerable sections of the community who had very little part in the fabulous prosperity of the 1920's. We begin to have doubts as to the social value of unlimited speculation. And slowly it dawns upon us that our business leaders, in spite of their evangelical enthusiasm about the supposed new era in North American economics, had no coherent plans for the future at all. Individually they had an eye for the main chance; collectively they had a programme of crude economic Couéism.

So the Coolidge era is over in the United States. Americans no longer praise their government for doing nothing; and the Hoover administration, which has done more in one year than Coolidge did in his whole two terms, is being blamed not for its activity in interfering with economic processes but for its ineffectiveness. In Canada the King government, which throughout the boom, like the House of Lords throughout the war, did nothing in particular and did it very well, seems likely to find itself at the next election in need of something more constructive than a few microscopic tariff reductions. Evidently on both sides of the border we are going to ask much more of our governments in the 1930's than we did in the 1920's.

* * *

THE collapse of the stock market has, of course, been the immediate occasion for this critical attitude of the public towards public affairs. But already before last October the discerning observer could point to signs that the period of public indifference to politics was drawing to a close. The candidature of Al Smith in the United States was no doubt a dismal failure; but the excitement that it aroused was due to a general recognition that it portended a revolt of hitherto inarticulate sections of the community against the established *mores*. The mere shrillness with which the prosperity mongers shouted their gospel that we live in the best of all possible worlds showed that they were conscious of an undercurrent of doubt. In our own country the rise of the various farmer movements with their new conceptions as to the proper economic and political organization of society pointed in the same direction. The war left the whole continent in a state of political shell-shock. Perhaps we really did need to keep our minds off any topics that might worry us. But we have been recovering, and for the last few years one seemed to detect an increasing impatience with soothing phrases.

It has been amusing in Canada to see how quickly the change in popular sensitiveness has taken place since last October. A year ago all the boosters were denouncing poor Mr. Forke because the Immigration Department was damming up the stream of immigration which was to bring us boundless prosperity. Cranks like the Western farmers who had to do the actual work of assimilating the new citizens could hardly make themselves heard when they objected that dumping masses of newcomers into a community that couldn't absorb them was not the best way to build up a healthy national life. Today the same Immigration Department is being blamed for contributing to our unemployment problem by flooding the country with immigrants for whose support no effective provision had been made. A year ago, when a few radicals in the House of Commons raised the question of Dominion-wide compulsory unemployment insurance, they were told decisively by Mr. Lapointe that the B.N.A. Act made any action by the Dominion impossible; and the fastidious legal sensibilities of Mr. Cahan were so shocked that he deprecated even the mention of unemployment insurance in a parliament that had no powers to deal with it. And now today we have the prime minister telling delegations that this very same question must be tackled in the near future. Evidently *laissez-faire*

is not quite so popular as it used to be, and it is not going to be quite so easy for our national political leaders to shirk national responsibilities.

* * *

IF THIS is true, it is interesting to recall that only so recently as in the decade before the War the politics of the United States was dominated by the Progressive movement. Progressivism, whether it took the form of the New Nationalism of Roosevelt or the New Freedom of Wilson, meant essentially a more direct and deliberate activity by the national government in shaping the national destiny. Let anyone today who has lived through the Harding and Coolidge regimes read Herbert Croly's *Promise of American Life*, which was the best exposition of the political philosophy underlying the Progressive movement, and he seems to be reading about another world. Yet the book was written only twenty years ago. It embodied ideas which had been slowly growing up since the 1880's. The emotional storms of the War swept them all away and set back the political clock in the United States for a generation. But the War will be over some day even in the United States.

Progressivism was of course only the American expression of a movement towards socialism which was world-wide in the early 1900's. In the English-speaking world the Australasian communities had taken the lead and were embarked on an ambitious series of experiments in state regulation of industry. In England the feeling that it was the duty of a democratic government to undertake a more active responsibility for the national welfare was what lay behind the movement both of Labour and of social-reform liberalism. Only in Canada, curiously enough, did we remain completely unaffected by these tendencies. It was the time of the Laurier ministry, and Laurier's conception of government was to sit at Ottawa with his famous smile and give away railway charters and natural resources to anyone who asked for them. At his best Laurier was never much more than a Whig. His much-lauded but seldom read speech on political liberalism might have been delivered by Macaulay or Lord John Russell. He remained a mere constitutional liberal to the end and never acquired the interest in social questions and the tendency to expand the functions of the state which marked the English liberalism of his own generation. That such a man should have been able to pass for a liberal in the twentieth century shows how little vitality there was in our Canadian politics.

Yet there were new forces stirring and Laurier was not altogether unresponsive to them. As one looks back now one can see that, but for the War, the 1911 election would have played the same part in our political evolution as did that of 1896 in the United States. It was the first sign in the national sphere of the rise of new classes to political consciousness and the first challenge to the domination of our politics by big business interests. With commendable promptitude our financial and industrial leaders met the challenge, and the result showed how strongly they were entrenched against any revolt by mere farmers and consumers. Our incipient Canadian radical movement was submerged by the War, and we never had the chance of seeing whether it was capable of throwing up a Roosevelt or a Wilson. We can at least take

comfort in reflecting that it showed no sign of producing a Bryan. If it was twenty or thirty years behind the American movement in developing, it was also not so thoroughly crushed out by the War. But the effect of the War has been that, so far, it has been confined almost entirely to the Western farmers and has never become a general movement emancipated from class and locality as did Progressivism in the States. However, the War will soon be over in Canada too.

Canadian nationalism since 1914 has expressed itself mainly in the sphere of external affairs. But a movement which is based on the determination to undertake responsibility for our own national destiny can not forever confine itself to external affairs. Sooner or later the same national spirit will produce a strong demand for a more direct and a more responsible activity by our government in internal questions. Then we shall run up against the restrictions of the British North America Act and the objections of all those pundits who maintain that our federal union is a sacred legal contract upon which politicians must not lay impious hands. And then our politics will become real.

F. H. U.

MEMORY OF THE DIVINE

*Translated in the original metre
from the German of E. Moerike.*

'Twas in a Carthusian monastery I visited
I saw not long ago a wondrous picture hung,
And today walking alone up in the high mountains,
With ruins of hard rocks wildly tumbled about,
I remembered it again all colourful and fresh.

By a steep rock-chasm with meagre grass at its edge—
Scant sustenance for goats that graze on the dizzy
slope—

Under two shadowing palm-trees the child Jesus sits,
Sits on a white lamb's-fleece o'er the dark rock displayed.

Yet not too much a child methought the fair child was,
The summer's heat—surely his fifth summer by now—
Had gently browned the tender limbs where the yellow
coat,

Trimmed purple at the knee, had left them sun-
exposed,

Browned too the healthy tenderness of his young
cheeks.

From the dark eyes went forth a fire and a silent force,
About his mouth there played a strange ineffable
charm.

An ancient shepherd stooping friendly o'er the child
Has put in his hand a sea-fossil a moment before,
No common plaything, but mysteriously marked and
twisted.

The boy has turned it over, looked at it musingly,
And now, as if with quick dismay, he gazes forth,
His eye meets yours, yet what it sees is nothingness,
It plumbs the limitless distances of furthest time,
As if some lightning memory of the godhead flashed—
Extinct almost as soon as born—in his darkling mind.
Thus like a child at play the world-creating Word
Shows you its handiwork—smiling, unconsciously.

B. F.

LABOUR IS NATIONAL

BY W. T. BURFORD

A USEFUL publication, the *Handbook of American Trade Unions*, is compiled by the United States Department of Labour at Washington. It lists and describes the many unions which have crossed the border to establish branches in Canada, but its inclusion under the description 'American' of unions which have confined their attention to their own country shows that the term is used in its ordinary connotation as synonymous with 'United States'. The significance of this nomenclature is in the fact that the unions themselves do not object to it at home but sternly reject it in reference to their Canadian connection. In Canada they are not United States unions; they are 'International': does not their presence prove it?

The idea of an international labour movement is not new. The prospect of irresistible bargaining power, exercised by a world-wide federation of workers, has always attracted the attention of unionists. But it remains a noble aspiration, the chance of its attainment more remote than that of the proposed United States of Europe. The *Red International of Labour Unions* and the *International Federation of Trade Unions* are both distinctly European organizations, one functioning mainly in the east and the other in the west of that continent. The first derives such executive authority as it possesses from Russian nationalism; the second has none. A 'Pan-American Federation of Labour' exists on paper, its name serving as an admission that its major constituent body, the American Federation of Labour, is national and not continental in character. Wherever there is an economic organization of workers of a size and strength that warrant its description as a movement, it is national. Notwithstanding the numerous professions to the contrary, there is no international labour movement in the world today. To call the national labour movement of the United States International because it has branches in Canada and a handful of a membership among transient journeymen in the Philippines, in Mexico, and in Cuba, is to strain the meaning of the word to a ludicrous extent.

First adopted as a defensive measure, in the days when the border was not a barrier to job-seekers, the practice of including Canadian workers in the scope of United States unions has been continued long after the original motive has disappeared. The suggestion persists that men are as mobile as money, but a more confident argument is now based on the interpenetration of capital in the two countries. United States money has been invested in Canadian industry to the extent of many millions of dollars. A quarter as much Canadian money has been invested in the United States. It is urged that, as capital recognizes no boundaries, labour should organize on a continental rather than on a national scale, to resist a common exploitation.

A hundred and twenty-three United States unions have acquired a large Canadian membership and built up an 'international' propaganda on this fact of United States control of many Canadian enterprises. The

argument is plausible. United States corporations have branch establishments in Canada; if the workers employed by the border-straddling employers in both countries organize in the same unions they will have more economic power than if organized separately; therefore the unions should branch out also.

Unfortunately for the theory, the facts do not jibe with it. It is notorious that the membership of these Canadian branches of United States unions is where one would least expect to find it, and where it could be least effective for co-operation with the membership in the south. In the chief Canadian industrial undertakings which United States capital controls, the United States unions are barely represented. In the manufacture of autocars, rubber, electrical equipment, agricultural machinery, and textiles, and in power generation, union membership reaches a minimum close to zero. A few building construction firms which function on both sides of the border have working agreements which provide intermittent employment for perhaps two per cent. of the whole United States union membership in Canada. The paper-makers' union hangs on precariously, to indicate another small exception. Thus, after half a century of missionary work since the eighties, the so-called international labour movement has utterly failed to organize the workers of North America in accordance with the unbounded distribution of capital. But precisely where the ownership of industry has shown least internationalism—in the railway systems—it has found its most fertile breeding-ground.

In their own country the United States unions show no signs of having tried to parallel the ownership of industry. They organize by craft and not by the shop, though nowhere has there been a greater consolidation of industrial units under the control of small groups of capitalists. Their structure is primitive, and it is their aim to improve standards for an exclusive membership of craftsmen rather than to unite the working class for its general advancement. They distinguish sharply between union members and workers, and effectually bar out large categories of workers by affording them no facilities for organizing. Yet with less than eight per cent. of the eligible workers organized in the United States they seek a more convenient membership in Canada. The conclusion is inescapable that the special argument used for the recruiting and retention of a Canadian membership is an expedient only and does not spring from a conviction or principle. That the Canadian membership contributes a couple of million dollars a year to the 'international' treasuries across the line, receiving very little in return, may be evidence of a motive for the anxiety shown to retain this tributary adjunct. Of the reasons for the existence of this membership in the past—the absence of border-crossing restrictions and the possession of a common language and a common currency—the first has been removed mainly at the behest of those union advocates who declare that the boundary is a purely imaginary line, and the last remains, as was always suspected, the most potent—currency.

The tendency to thrust beyond the national boundary in the building of workers' economic organizations, and to regard fraternal association with foreign groups as having superlative virtue, is characteristic of primitive labour psychology. As labour organization develops, it comes to visualize the plan on which it must proceed, and that plan is always a national one.

A union is the reflex of the employers' organization of industry. It is primarily defensive: it can be aggressive only to a limited and local degree. Its weapon, the strike, is a defensive weapon. For the strike is an admission of the employer's ownership of the tools of production, by the act of leaving him in full possession. The workers are slow to realize that the union can reduce but cannot altogether eliminate exploitation, that it can go just so far and no further without destroying the payroll and itself therewith, that it can do no more than provide palliatives for the evils which they endure, and that the main evil is an economic system which no union can change. But when they have learnt this much, as they have in most industrial countries, their unions see a new goal: control of the political state. As a method of attaining that goal the general strike has proved ineffective: it leads inevitably to armed conflict, for which the workers are never adequately prepared—it means a revolution, which few of them want. With revolution ruled out, the way of reversion from the defensive to the offensive is seen to be by marshalling labour's forces at the ballot box.

Once it is recognized that the advance on the industrial field must be supplemented by organized effort to secure direct political representation, it becomes necessary to review the whole movement to ascertain in what way its structure is conducive to progress. This review is usually no more deliberate than the process of arriving at it is methodical. The necessity of considering whether labour shall take cognizance of political boundaries arises, in the nature of things, only in a country where the boundary has been disputed as delimiting economic organization. The organized workers of Great Britain, for instance, know nothing of the problem. Nationalism, as Shaw has pointed out, is like one's skeleton: one is unconscious of its existence until it is injured. It is in a country such as Canada, where an attempt has been made to subordinate labour to the dictates of foreigners in a foreign land, on the plea of a specious internationalism, that the workers are driven to think seriously on a topic which workers elsewhere can dismiss as inconsequential.

Secure in their national autonomy yet unaware of it, European workers are prone to deplore the barriers that hold them apart. Pitifully responsive to their environment, in times of peace they eulogize international brotherhood and in war-time as fervently urge their fellows to take up the sword of justice—or refuse to acknowledge a state of affairs which they had predicted was impossible. They work steadily and successfully for their own national movements, yet are perturbed when they find a conflict of interest between the workers of different parts of the earth's surface. Their concern then is to prove that such conflicts are more apparent than real. They are critical of their own emotional excesses, yet loth to question the postulates on which they have built an ideal-

istic theory that is but rarely subjected to the shock of facts. The most challenging fact of all—the subjugation of the workers' economic organizations, as in Canada, by those of another country—never obtrudes itself to disturb their reveries. When the Canadian situation is euphemistically presented, by agents of the national movement that dominates for the moment, as an instance of practical internationalism, they are eager to acclaim the triumph of altruism over local selfishness.

National boundaries, the bulwarks of civilization, are merciful limitations on the field of labour's struggle. Only within them, and in conformity with the political structure that they enclose, can labour organize for effective political expression. And if labour is to win control of a national administration it cannot permit dissipation of energy in the economic organization which is its mainstay. Fraternal ties with the workers of other lands are not to be despised, but they are secondary in importance to the business to be done at home: they are lateral lines of communication—helpful but not vital—between different theatres of action. Foreign diplomacy, as represented by the score or so of trade and industrial secretariats centred at Amsterdam, is a means to uniformity of aim, but it has never yet directed policy on major national issues.

To construct a labour movement without regard to the boundaries of the political state is to build a house without walls. National labour unions, supporting and in turn supported by a national labour political organization, have always and everywhere been the basis of labour governments. Foreign-controlled unions cannot be expected to be politically minded, unless in a subversive sense. The outposts of labour imperialism, deriving their inspiration and submitting to decrees from a distant headquarters, tend to become annexationist agencies. Men and events connected with the particular craft in the country whence the propaganda is directed are so magnified, in the eyes of the stalwarts, as to dwarf the affairs of other craft groups in their own neighbourhood. Solidarity, impossible in the economic organization, is doubly so in politics. It can be no concern of a foreign-controlled labour group, as such, to participate actively in a movement designed to uphold the national constitution and to take charge of a national administration. Thus labour's political impotence in Canada is the logical consequence of an economic organization framed regardless of industrial and national circumstances.

Apart from the general considerations, sufficient though these should be, there are other and more immediate reasons why 94,467 Canadian workers are organized in national Canadian unions, as against the 119,243 members claimed by the Canadian branches of United States unions, which had half a century's start. The latter, alien as they are, have certain inherent defects which militate, in a country of British tradition, against their expansion. It is repugnant to Canadian workers to be associated with organizations that are utterly devoid of scruples as to the manner of ameliorating conditions for their own limited membership. The tactics of United States unions are indeed remarkable. The unions' narrow jurisdictions, defined as closely as lawyers can split a hair, render

impossible the acquirement of stable economic power. The resultant strategy is of the catch-as-catch-can variety; the only motivating idea is 'Any port in a storm'. What cannot be accomplished at the point of production, or on the job, is attempted at the point of consumption. The boycott and the blacklist are used freely; that unique contrivance, the union label, is their symbol. Blackmail is incidental to the use of either. Sabotage is a substitute for the strike.

The 'international labour movement,' as it is called, is but remotely comparable with any labour movement

elsewhere. What labour principles it professes are offset by its conservative policies and its anti-labour practices. It is something less than a movement, for as an entity it is dormant and stationary. To prevent progress in undesired directions it clips off its 'wings' whenever they sprout, and it has no means of locomotion. Not international, not labour, and not a movement, it 'lags superfluous on the scene,' leaving to the national unions organized in the All-Canadian Congress of Labour the task of building a movement that will lead the workers to power first in the political and then in the industrial state.

WESTERN FARM WOMEN'S ORGANIZATIONS

BY ANNIE L. HOLLIS

'No group of women have ever contributed so vitally to any large and important industry as the wives and daughters of farmers have to agriculture.'
'Operators of this industry rely absolutely on their women for success'.

MRS. NELLIE TAYLOR-ROSS

Ex-Governor of Wyoming.

THE above remarks are a statement of one of the most outstanding facts of American and Canadian history, yet, strange to say, these women have had very little public recognition or public responsibility.

It is generally conceded that a farm without a woman resembles the proverbial ship without a rudder. In all new countries farm women occupy an exceptional position in the industrial and social life, for not only do they fill the usual position of a wife—that of housekeeper and homemaker—but in a very special sense they are business partners with their husbands. The farm housewife occupies a much more vital and important position in the economic work of establishing the family as the foundation unit of our present society, than does the wife of the usual business or professional man. Owing to this dual role and heavy responsibility it is not then surprising that up to the present farm women have not contributed to any great extent, in any official capacity, to the public life of the nation.

Conditions are, however, rapidly changing. The isolation and difficulties of communication are largely things of the past, labour-saving devices are more generally used in the majority of farm-homes; much of the work of the pioneer homemaker is now commercialized and is carried on in factories, while public legislation is affecting home-life in a way totally unknown a few years ago. As a consequence farm women are realizing the necessity of shouldering their share of responsibility as citizens if they are to be true homemakers; they are learning that individually they are powerless to change the economic conditions which make life so hard to many, and that only by organization can they exert an influence on public thought and on legislation—an influence which we hope will help very effectually to improve and stabilize home life under modern social and industrial conditions.

This close connection between home life on the farm and the productive or business side of agriculture was doubtless the reason why in 1912-13 a group

of Saskatchewan farm women—anxious for some means for mutual understanding and work, and also for self-expression and development—determined not to form a separate women's organization, but if possible to become members of the same organization as their men.

Already 'The Homemakers'—the Saskatchewan equivalent of the Women's Institutes—had been formed, and still flourishes as an important and influential association; but the Homemakers was an organization for women only and membership was not confined to rural women, therefore their constitution was not the ideal of this new group of rural women who were firmly of the opinion that their social and economic interests were identical with those of the farm men, and who felt assured that more permanent progress would be made when men and women were working together as true cooperators for the welfare of the human family.

Through all the stress and strain to which this progressive movement has been subjected, this ideal has always been in the minds of the majority of the women, and to a growing extent is permeating the thought of the men; though advance may often appear to be very slow, yet a backward look shows wonderful growth and development.

The beginning of what are known as the Women's Sections of our farm organizations dates from 1912. The yearnings and unexpressed ideals of women living and working in the solitude and monotony which were inevitable during the early settlement of our boundless prairies and which were important factors leading to the immense agricultural and industrial developments we now see, were focussed by Miss Frances Beynon in a number of vigorous articles in *The Grain Growers' Guide*. Miss Beynon pointed out that women must work out their own salvation by organizing their scattered forces.

The late F. W. Green, then Secretary of the Saskatchewan Grain Growers' Association, asked Miss Beynon for suggestions for a Convention which might be held for the women who annually attended the Convention of the farm organization with their husbands. This was arranged, and over fifty women registered at the Convocation Hall of the University at Saskatoon, February 1913. Many more were in attendance and most successful and enthusiastic meetings were held.

The problem which confronted these women—a problem which to a certain extent still exists—was, how to work as members of the farm organization with the men and yet find a way to develop the women who were, and still are, more unaccustomed to study social and economic questions from a public point of view. Practically their ideal was to work as a Woman's Committee of the main organization, and yet to develop executive and administrative power among the women members. This difficulty was solved—perhaps in an imperfect way as are so many of our practical problems—by organizing a Women's Section, the members of which must be members of the main organization, paying the same fees, and having the same privileges and responsibilities. To accomplish their purpose, certain by-laws or constitutional amendments must be passed in the men's convention, so a temporary committee was appointed to carry on for the following year. At the next convention these necessary amendments were passed, giving women equal standing in the Saskatchewan Grain Growers' Association with the men. The Committee appointed to plan for permanent organization were—Mrs. S. V. Haight, Mrs. McNaughton, Mrs. Hicks, Mrs. Thompson, Miss Irma Stocking, and Miss Beynon; of these the two first are still very active and prominent workers. Lack of funds to carry on work among the farm women was now the chief difficulty, so having resolved to become an integral part of the Grain Growers' Association, they decided to wait on the men's convention and ask for an appropriation to finance the work of the women's organization, instead of asking control of and using their own funds, which would have made them a distinct organization and cut them off from all privileges in the main association. A committee was delegated to ask the men's convention for a grant of \$500 to carry on the work for the year. (Surely here spoke the economical habits of farm women).

A small beginning, but from its inception well grounded and well guided, and owing more than can be easily told to the self-sacrificing and courageous spirit shown by the rank and file and by its leaders, chief among whom is Mrs. Violet McNaughton, now Editor of the Woman's and Young People's pages in the Saskatchewan farm paper *The Western Producer*; and destined to exert a remarkable influence on the development of Western agriculture.

Alberta and Manitoba farm women soon followed in the footsteps of these pioneers, and organizations of United Farm Women were formed—harbingers of similar developments in other parts of Canada. In 1918 these women's sections were formed into a national organization which eventually became the Women's Section of the Canadian Council of Agriculture, and did much to unify women's work throughout the Dominion.

The bias received at the beginning has grown with the growth of the organization. In Saskatchewan no separate constitution was ever drawn up for the Women's Section as was done in some of the other provinces; the women worked steadily to become a vital part of the main organization. At first a separate Women's Board and Executive were formed, but before long a woman representative (Mrs. McNaughton) sat on the Central Board, and in 1922

she was the first woman member of the Central Executive. Since then no Board or Executive has seemed complete without at least one woman member.

In 1926 when the United Farmers of Canada, Saskatchewan Section was formed by the amalgamation of the Grain Growers' Association and the Farmers' Union, the separate Women's Board was abolished; as a temporary measure, and to ensure some representation of the women members, provision was made for the election of a Woman President, who by virtue of her office became a member of the Central Executive, and two other women directors. At first these were elected by the women delegates in separate convention, but this has been changed and now all officers are elected by the men and women delegates in the same convention. Women are gradually taking their place in the organization as persons, as is shown by the fact that women have acted as President or Secretary of mixed local-lodges, they have been elected as officers of District Councils and Executives, and this year we hear of the election of a woman (Mrs. Ross, Govan) as alternate District Director. The saying 'Women are eligible for any office' is no empty formula as is shown by the nomination of women for the chief offices of President and Vice-President of the main organization.

It is impossible here to attempt even to give a summary of the work attempted and done by the organized farm women, but may it not be true as a woman reporter remarked some years ago in *The Manitoba Free Press*: 'Perhaps Saskatchewan farm women are pioneers in the work of establishing the truth that our social and industrial problems can no longer be divided into men's problems and women's problems; they are the problems of humanity to be solved only by the cooperation of men and women.'

IN THE WILDERNESS

He walks alone, uncomfortable,
In Spring's green ripple, Autumn's red.

Birds like dark starlight
Twinkle in the sky, are light

As feathers blown about in the wind,
Yet fall too heavily upon his wound.

Leaves in the air or on the ground
Are crying to him with no sound

Words that the hurdy-gurdy year
Whines ceaselessly in his sad ear.

Who knows but that a flying bird,
A falling leaf, may speak the word

To waken pity in this heart of stone,
Now angry, comfortless, alone?

A. J. M. SMITH.



FACTORY WHISTLES

An Economic Soliloquy

BY NORMAN McL. ROGERS

WHEN at noonday I hear the shrill sound of a factory whistle bidding men lay down their tools for a brief respite from toil, I am reminded of a poignant drama in the economic history of our country which was staged over a period of years in one of the thriving industrial towns which flourished in the Maritime Provinces not long ago.

My early years were spent in a community where factory whistles were barometers of progress and prosperity. As a schoolboy I soon became instructed in their profound significance. In time I was able to distinguish one from another, and could welcome proudly and joyfully the new additions which came in rapid sequence during the first decade of the century. There was the deep bass of the engineering works which manufactured engines and boilers for the busy lumber mills. There was the rich baritone of the car works where passenger and freight cars were turned out day by day to meet the requirements of the insatiable West with its advancing frontiers and its spreading railways. There was the merry soprano trill of the woodworking factory which made everything that went into the building of houses for new settlers. There was also the cheerful tenor of the casket factory which seemed to know that other industries might come and go, but it would go on for ever. Intermingled with these were the whistles of the woollen mills, the shoe factory, the stove foundry, and many another of the numerous progeny of manufactures which are born of unbounded optimism in an age of rapid industrial progress.

As the years passed the factory whistles took on the semblance of an orchestral symphony. When they sounded at dawn men rose from their beds in a thousand homes and made their way to machine and bench to give their hands to their appointed tasks. At night there was a dull red glow in the sky where the rolling mills worked overtime to provide wheel and axle foundries with the material for freight cars which were to carry Canadian wheat across the prairies to tidewater and distant markets beyond the seas. The hum of shuttle and lathe was a pleasant sound to hear on a summer day. At night one was often lulled to sleep by the rhythmic blows of a distant steam-hammer. There was a curious sense of comfort and well-being in the thought of these factories working day and night to supply the needs of a rapidly growing country. Population was increasing by leaps and bounds. Enterprising real estate promoters bought subdivisions and sold them again to artisans who looked forward with unquestioning faith to a continuance of profitable employment and high wages. The blueberry patch through which a winding path had provided a shortcut to school was one of the first of the subdivisions to be sold. So great was the demand for houses that within a few years there was a comfortable home on every lot. The climax came when it was decided to build an automobile factory. This was the test of confidence—a pledge for the future. Substantial citizens went deep into their pockets to subscribe to its capital. In due course an imposing four-storey building reared its bulk on the outskirts of the town.

And one day there was the reassuring sound of a new whistle added to the paean of progress and prosperity. We did not know it, but this was the crescendo of the movement. The diminuendo was abrupt and unexpected.

Into our town one day came an apostle of mass production in the guise of a promoter of mergers. With a map and paper and pencil he demonstrated the advantages of an amalgamation of the car factories of the Dominion. The demand for freight cars, he pointed out, was chiefly for the Western Provinces. The ideal site for manufacture was at the centre of population in Quebec and Ontario where East and West were equally accessible. It was a costly business to carry empty freight cars from Nova Scotia to the prairies. The future lay with mass production and a central point of distribution. A merger of competing companies would prove profitable for stockholders. As for employees, if their interests were to be considered, there was the consoling doctrine of mobility of labour. They would doubtless go where their labour could be applied to the best advantage.

Such arguments seemed obvious and unassailable. The promoter came and saw and conquered. He was the prophet of a new day. A merger was consummated which brought joy to the hearts of local stockholders, and at first caused but faint misgivings to loyal workmen who had contributed to the goodwill of the industry by honest craftsmanship. But disillusionment came swiftly. It was soon announced that the Directors in their wisdom had decided to build passenger cars in Montreal, and a little later that freight cars were to be built at Montreal and Fort William. One morning there was a whistle missing from the chorus. Shortly afterwards yet another failed to summon its wage-earners at daybreak. The stockholders did not cease to smile. Their dividends were still being earned elsewhere. But the employees were stunned by the blow. They turned sadly and reluctantly from their newly purchased homes to seek once more that elusive security which seems to have been omitted by an absent-minded Providence from our modern industrial system.

It was not long before there were other defections from the orchestra of factory whistles. It was a period of amalgamations and relentless competition. A map of Canada, supported by production costs and population statistics, provided the promoters with an effective argument. The factories of Ontario and Quebec, with a large adjacent market assured by a protective tariff, were quick to take advantage of their proximity to Western Canada. It became more difficult for the manufacturers of the Maritime Provinces to meet competition in distant markets where freight rates increased the selling cost of their products. The Canadian automobile industry became centred around the Great Lakes where supplies were readily available and distribution was more efficient. A day came when the whistle of our automobile factory was silent. On another morning the woollen mill failed to send out its clarion call to work.

Then came the war with its artificial stimulus to

production. Some of the old whistles rejoined the chorus, and the chant of prosperity was resumed for a time. But with the aftermath of war, the refrain of the factory whistles became more feeble. One after another was heard no more. Sometimes they revived fitfully when rush orders were transferred from head offices at Montreal and Toronto to subsidiary plants which had been independent units of production in a happier day. Through all the changes of the years the blithe note of the casket factory continued without ceasing. It had effected a union with its rivals in the Central Provinces and went merrily on with the assurance of a non-competitive market which was sufficient to keep it actively employed. Here and there a few other whistles still mark the changes of the day in brave defiance of the iron law of competition, for the inhabitants of this town are not lacking in courage and enterprise. But the halcyon days are no more. Gaunt empty buildings with smokeless chimneys testify to the years not long past when a flourishing industrial community played its part in the building of a new Dominion and then paid the penalty of the westward movement of popu-

lation and the concentration of mass production in Central Canada.

To the imaginative mind this changing volume of the factory whistles provides a striking allegory of economic progress. In the modern march of industry, the development of one district of a great country is not seldom achieved at the expense of another. We advance and yet do so at the cost of some desolation on the way. If a factory whistle in Nova Scotia becomes silent, another takes up the refrain of prosperity in Quebec or Ontario. A day may come when the movement of industry will carry some of the whistles from Ontario to Manitoba. Perhaps a day will also dawn when natural advantages and the growing importance of our export trade will bring back the whistles to the Atlantic seaboard. Perhaps, after all, it is a vain dream to think of happiness and prosperity in terms of smoking chimneys. But for most men a hope for the future is a meagre substitute for present loss. And beneath the cadences of the factory whistles, wherever they may blow, is the tragic pilgrimage of the wage-earners in search of an abiding home.

MUSICAL CRITICISM

BY J. CAMPBELL McINNES

TO SAY that musical criticism has the least literary quality of modern journalism is not, of course, to say there are not fine musical critics—but journalists in their strivings to write on music seem to wallow and plunge between the personal and the impersonal, between the consideration of the artistic temperament and the very different quality—the temperament of the artist—from an almost bewildering plethora of inexpugnable verbiage, on the one hand, to the mere icy remoteness of stating bald facts by opus numbers on the other.

The reason is not far to seek. Sound is more subtle than sense, and music is hardly comparable to anything but music. Hence the negative type of critic, 'not having music' as the Scots say, must make a comparison somehow; anything that makes sound, from a siren to a saw serves its turn, the wildest parallels are drawn from the Arts, and are forced to such an inordinate degree that the true function of criticism is lost, and honesty itself may be observed striving blindly through a sea of verbiage like some soulless Undine.

'To think of a beggar making a living by selling his opinion about other people', said William Morris, with scorn, 'and fancy one paying him for it', he added. No doubt that was said in regard to people who criticize poetry without having a sense of the poetic.

It was this type of criticism of music, without a sufficient musical sensibility, which prompted Tchaikowsky to say to Brodsky when the latter produced his Violin Concerto: 'My dear Brodsky, that the critics say, matters, what they say, does not matter'.

It does not make the critical problem easier when musical artists assume they are critics, and critics assume they are musical artists. The difference lies in the fact that a creative musical artist must be a critic of his own creation, and even though he be the worst, he yet knows something about his work that

no one else can quite know, because only he fashioned it. A critic of course can be an artist, but not in the same medium as the creative musical artist; it is only when he expresses through his own medium, in the honestly written word, what is lacking in the unimaginative auditor or observer, that the critic's work may then become a work of art in itself, because he has achieved the interpretation in the mind of a third person who has no creative means of his own; in other words, a triplex expression—the end of all Art—has then been fully achieved.

Very often indeed a writer may get nearer the truth in musical criticism when he leaves the actual music out of account altogether, as when a critic wrote—not wishing to be impolite to the musical qualities of a celebrated Prima Donna, 'her voice reminds me of a sea of milk'. And on the purely musical side, nothing can approach the criticism of the musician by the musician, or the artist of true literature, to the person who may only have the literary taint.

'How strange' said Tennyson to a composer who had 'set' some of his songs, 'where you have gone up, I should have gone down, and where you have gone down, I should have gone up'. It takes an artist to an artist, to give and take polarity of thought of that kind, and to accept it, as a just equation of critical truth.

A sense of fun, if the explosive string bladder variety is eliminated, is a good asset in a musical writer. The musical critic who hit off perhaps the biggest multum in parvo truth I have ever heard of, was the gentleman who referred to Mr. William Shakespeare, the tenor, on his first appearance in New York, as the man who had 'the biggest name to the smallest voice we have ever heard'.

Sometimes the audience comes in for a very sure and palpable hit, as when Arthur Johnstone of *The Manchester Guardian* made his reference to people

leaving the concert before it was finished, by writing, 'It should be added that the *March of the Early Britons* was as impressive as usual'.

But what shall we say real musical criticism is? Surely like all other things it is an Art, and if it is an Art, it must have principles, and if it has principles it must have rules. I once heard an old connoisseur express, in his rebuke to a young critic, a good rule, by saying: 'I am not seeking to know what you think of morals, but what you think of music.' In that remark, lies, I think, the true test of at least adequate criticism. So often the artist's creative inspiration is missed utterly by the critic, in his digression from the creative object of the artist to the means by which that object is achieved. The personal rather than the impersonal, the creator, rather than the creation, the clay, the crome, and the cacophony—the state of mind that can only be described as not seeing the wood for the trees. It is only a shameless curiosity that characterizes a musical sense of that kind. The true musician does not trouble himself about 'means' except in so far as he learns to forget them. For they tell him no more than what he already knows by the instinct of music, which has driven him to expression. Happy the composer and the auditor who is not reminded of 'means', for the true musician begins not with the outer surroundings of man,—but that which is within him; not with imitative, but with direct expression.

Expression in music is un-related to external reality, except on those rare occasions when it actually imitates a sound in nature. Sounds are all that it can imitate—the forms and colours of nature, the transcription of human deed; are alike impossible to music unless they can be reduced to, or symbolized in sounds.

But it is precisely because of its limitation in the field of narrative or pictorial realism that the art of music is of special value in expressing the things which go deeper than speech, and which without music would remain inarticulate. Indeed these limitations are a positive help to the auditor, for the less he is reminded of the appearances of things in the natural world the easier it is for him to penetrate,

with the guidance of the composer and the interpreter, to their inner reality. Realistic in this sense music often is, for it is true to the facts which lie beneath the surface, to the inner divination of man, and can go straight to the heart of its subject without the necessity sometimes so hampering to painters, sculptors, and authors, of portraying the outward seeming.

Criticism of Music is, or ought to be, the interpretation of music in some such sense, as music itself is an interpretation of thought and feeling. The critics of outward seeming are the most dangerous auditors the modern musical artist can encounter. They are dangerous too, in proportion, as they are flippant and voluble. Their knowledge, which is greater perhaps than their intelligence, often lies in a confused jargon of terms which they employ in praise or condemnation, equally indiscriminate.

As Professor Mackail has so strongly yet so beautifully expressed it, the highest object of the critical faculty, it cannot be too often repeated, is not to censure faults, but to disengage excellencies. Those who perhaps with some loss of the earlier sensitiveness and receptiveness, have attained a maturer judgment, often look on new tastes with uneasy dismay. They lament, as so many generations before them have lamented, as so many more will go on lamenting until the end of time, what seems to them the perversion or decline of taste. Yet the truth oftener is that youth, an unconscious but instinctive critic, has disengaged and assimilated some excellence in the new taste, some progress made under the new method, which has escaped wiser, or at least more trained eyes. No one, looking back, ever really regrets one of his young enthusiasms. It is the enthusiasms we do not have that we regret. Why then should we deplore those of others, however unaccountable we may think them? Soon enough these young revolutionists will find themselves defending their own classic against a still younger generation, to whom they in their turn will be reactionary, obsolete, academic. But all the while for them, as for us, soaring high overhead in their silent progress, lordly as at the first day, unobscured by the dust of praise or blame, the immortal lights shine.

RED FLARES IN THE EAST

BY J. F. WHITE

FOR some time word has been coming to us that all is not well in India. During the last year Mr. C. F. Andrews, who knows that country as do few other Englishmen, has been warning the countries of the west that India is on the verge of revolution, and he has urged that the English Government should make an immediate and generous settlement with the Indian Nationalists, before it is too late. In the last few months the spirit of revolt has quickened, and there is serious danger now that at any moment an incident may occur—some irretrievable act, on either side—that will unloose forces which will not be easily controlled.

The Westerner who makes any serious attempt to understand conditions finds the political situation in India extremely hard to unravel. The clash between Mohammedans, Hindoos, and other religious

sects; the struggle, hardly less severe, between the Brahmins and the lower castes of the Hindu faith, and a new movement towards Atheism which is making headway among the young intelligentsia react upon and complicate the purely political movement. The relations between the Government, the Native States, and the Nationalist Parties increase the intricacy of the problem.

In order to understand what is taking place it is essential that the Indian revolt should not be considered as an isolated incident, but rather as one part of a great movement which is stirring every tribe and nation in the Middle and Far East. All is unquiet on the Eastern Front! In Palestine, Egypt, Arabia, Turkey, Persia, Afghanistan, and China, the same or similar forces are at work. The truth is not, as the artless journalists of our popular press would have

it, that Mahatma Gandhi and a group of Nationalist 'Extremists' are stirring the ignorant natives into insurrection. The whole of Asia is in a state of ferment and if Gandhi were to die tomorrow there would soon be a thousand others to lead the people of India—perhaps more rapidly—towards the inevitable social revolution.

*A History of Nationalism in the East** is an excellent account of this process of transformation in the Orient, which is following the same course of historical evolution that has just ended in Europe. 'From the eighteenth century onwards Nationalism supplanted religion as the governing principle in Europe.' The nationalistic spirit increased as the European states grew more powerful and aggressive, and imperialism followed close on the heels of nationalism. For two centuries the Orient came more and more under subjection to Europe, until, at the beginning of this century, the white race looked upon the earth as its footstool. European ascendancy was first shaken by the victory of Japan over Russia in 1905. For the first time in generations the Oriental seriously began to question the political domination of Europe, and the theory of white supremacy received a further and more severe shock in the Great War, when Orientals fought as allies of Europeans against other white troops. Finally the Russian revolution has stirred the spirit of unrest throughout the entire East, and, more than any other factor, has stimulated the national self-consciousness of the Asiatic peoples. As Hans Kohn expresses it:—

It was Leninism which first broke down the barrier between white and coloured peoples. Lenin was convinced that the problem of nationalism could be solved only through the proletarian revolution, and that if the revolution were to succeed in Europe, the European proletariat must ally itself with the anti-Imperialist movements in the colonies.

At the start the Communists were not particularly interested in purely nationalistic movements in Asia. Zinoviev said, at a congress held in Baku in 1920:—

Our hardest blow must be struck against English capitalism. But at the same time we want to rouse a spirit of hatred in the labouring masses of the East, and the resolve to fight all wealthy classes without distinction, whoever they may be. It is not the object of the revolution just beginning in the East to beg the English Imperialists to remove their feet from the table simply in order to enable rich Turks to stretch their own more comfortably.

But since that time the attitude of the Communists has changed somewhat. Russia will now support all nationalist uprisings in the East whether they are of proletarian origin or not. The U.S.S.R. will attempt to turn any political revolts into social revolution, but, even if she fails in her aim of placing all power in the hands of the workers and peasants, each new surge of nationalism will be a further blow to Capitalist Imperialism. In *Humanity Uprooted* Maurice Hindus says: 'A modernized and unified Russia supporting nationalist movements is incompatible with a British Empire—especially in Asia.'

If the Communist 'experiment' is successful in Russia; if the Five-Year Plan goes through according to schedule; if the U.S.S.R. is able to carry out her ambitious plan of socializing and mechanizing agri-

culture; Russia is sure to play a leading part in future World politics. Hindus declares that all the propaganda of the Third International, all the 'sedition' and red dogma which worries the capitalist world so much, is comparatively unimportant. If Russia is to win her battle against capitalism and imperialism she must win it on her home front—in the factories and fields of Russia. If her state and collective farms can produce wheat more economically than the small individualist farms of Europe and America, then the rest of the world will be compelled to go in for state or collective agriculture. If state planning in industry produces more efficient results and more contented workmen than the capitalist system, then good-bye to capitalism and imperialism and all that! If not, Communism will be no more dangerous to established order than Anarchism is at the present time.

For those who wish to know what the Communists in Russia are attempting, and how far they are succeeding in their plans, *Humanity Uprooted* is invaluable. Maurice Hindus writes with some sympathy, but with no discernible bias in favour or against the revolution. Professor John Dewey, who writes the introduction, says of him that 'he has viewed the scene with the eye of an artist', and he instils something of the spirit of his subject into every picture that he paints. When he writes of the Young Communist he is, for the time being, one of the Komsomol—it is a happy youth, perhaps the happiest on earth', and again, dealing with the proletarian, the Cossack, the Russian Jew, he has the gift of getting inside the skin of his character as a good actor does instead of contenting himself with a snap-shot of the exterior of his subject.

A terrible destroyer, the Russian Communist has this to his credit—he has infused a new will into the Russian man, a new energy, a new impudence. He is hardening the very fibre of the Russian soul. Blunderer and wrecker that he is, he never looks back on his errors save only with the thought of never repeating them.

It is this relentlessness, this cool logical determination, this pressing forward to a well-defined objective without regard to the cost, this willingness 'to kill or be killed' if necessary, that makes the Communist movement one to be reckoned with. It is not only a political system in action, it is also a belief, a creed, a way of life; that has broken through every national barrier and every religious faith. There are negro Communists in South Africa, Communists in China, in Germany, in South America. They have made converts among Christians, Mohammedans, and Buddhists. Whether they ultimately succeed or fail they are moulding large masses of humanity in their own image, and their thumb-marks will be visible on the earth for a long time to come.

VISTA, VILLA BORGHESE

HORIZONTAL

Through the crisp silence of the morning
They sweep the cast-off coats of springing leaves,
Pressing them down into a low blue waggon
With the concerto of their arms and sleeves.

VERTICAL

Up the sky-lidded well of cypress
The fountain balances a trembling wand,
Conjuring spells to hold this core of safety
From the exasperation of beyond.

ROBERT FINCH.

* *HUMANITY UPROOTED*, by Maurice Hindus (Cape-Nelson; pp. xix, 369; \$3.00).

A HISTORY OF NATIONALISM IN THE EAST, by Hans Kohn (Routledge; pp. xi, 476; 25/-).

LITERARY SCHOLARSHIP IN CANADIAN UNIVERSITIES

BY A. F. B. CLARK

THE groves of Academe are not the quiet, secluded places they were. Flappers and newspaper men prowls about them, and they have even been thinned out in places to permit the construction of public promenades. Here may be seen the professor of chemistry expounding the wonders of the new element he has discovered, the medical professor offering his new hope to suffering humanity, the poultry professor his prize hen that lays an egg a day, the history professor revealing the true Origins of the War, even the professor of economics predicting good or bad times. Some regard this alliance of research and publicity as an unholy one; certainly the un-silent partner is sometimes too assertive; still the exhibition gives the strolling multitude (who, after all, pays for the whole concern) the feeling that the Academy, like itself, really has its coat off and is doing a day's work.

But there still remains a recondite spot on the campus, a deep dark wood into which the profane gaze hardly ever penetrates. It is the temple of the 'Literary scholars', the professors of the Classics, of English and of Modern Languages. A voice seldom issues from it. The curious crowd on the public promenade is told that this department of the university dislikes exhibiting its wares, and that in fact its function is rather of a liturgic than a creative order. It guards the Holy Grail of literature and educates acolytes for its service. Alone among university departments, it has nothing to do with creative thought. It keeps telling the succeeding generations that Shakespeare is beautiful and that Goethe is wise. Sometimes it puts on a bolder face and says that Hardy is beautiful and Anatole France is wise. It is a form of priestcraft. The crowd, a little mystified but still trustful, passes on.

The odd thing is that, viewed historically, the grove of the literary scholars has evolved in a direction contrary to that of the other academic departments. Perhaps it tends now-a-days to be the resort of the un-strenuous brain-worker, of those who love the intellectual life not too well but wisely. But was it always—and is it everywhere—so? Bude and Scaliger made almost as much noise as Copernicus in the sixteenth century. Porson in the eighteenth and Jowett in the nineteenth centuries were not content to train acolytes. Nearer our own day, Butcher and Saintsbury are two examples that come to mind of English scholars whose busy lives combined teaching with rich creative writing on literature. Nearer to us in space, Ticknor, Babbitt, and Spingarn have shown that the American atmosphere need not necessarily be inimical to literary scholarship.

What is significant—and perhaps alarming—about that grove of the literary scholars is, not that it is quiet, but that it is much quieter in America than it is anywhere else today. It is humming with feverish activity in France, and it is far from inactive in Germany, Italy, and England. But in America a reaction seems to have set in from the perhaps excessive Ph.D. mania of a generation ago, and shows signs of going to the opposite extreme of actual hostility to

creative scholarship. The possible causes of this we shall return to later.

Meanwhile, what of literary scholarship in our own Canadian universities? Here and there a professor shamefacedly produces a book and is rewarded by his colleagues with what Henry James calls 'a lighted stare'. But as a recognized and organized force, literary scholarship simply does not exist in our universities. There is a clammy hypocrisy about the attitude of our university authorities towards this subject. They pay lip-service to it on public occasions, but their actions are often strangely at variance with their professions. Cases have even occurred of men with no scholarly baggage to their credit being appointed to headships of Modern Language Departments.

The fact is that our university authorities have never formed for themselves a clear conception of what the purpose of literary departments is in a modern university. They are therefore swayed by the views of influential heads of departments. Now anyone with inside knowledge of the literary departments of Canadian universities knows that, with occasional exceptions, they are presided over by men who are not only non-productive scholars themselves but are actively hostile to creative scholarship. A similar state of affairs has been revealed in American universities. A special committee of the American Historical Association was recently appointed to inquire why there was not more productive research by Ph.D.'s in history. The answer to the questionnaire sent out by this committee to five hundred holders of the degree show that fifty per cent. of college presidents are hostile or so lukewarm that little real encouragement is given to professors who wish to carry on research.

Even the literary research that 'does get done' in Canada has a strange geographical distribution. There is no denying the fact that the young Western universities have done better than the old established Eastern ones, like Toronto and McGill, not merely relatively to their size, but absolutely. The fact, which would be paradoxical enough in scientific research, becomes almost incredible when it is shown to be true of literary investigation; for not only are library facilities immeasurably inferior in the West, but the lower salaries there make the great libraries of the East and of Europe more inaccessible; moreover there is less stimulus from the presence of graduate students, and the average burden of undergraduate teaching is heavier. This situation is not only to the dishonour of Eastern scholars and universities, but is nationally most uneconomical; for it shows that graduate students, who converge from all parts of Canada to one or two great Eastern universities are being, in many cases, instructed by those scholars who have shown the least specialized competence in their subjects, while those scholars who have proved their mastery of methods of research are left without advanced students to instruct. The result is that the West is going to refuse to take seriously the pretensions of Eastern Canadian universities to offer graduate instruction in literary subjects.

Is it possible to hope that this disgraceful and absurd chaos will ever have an order imposed on it? Some recent happenings in academic circles might well make the most sanguine despair. But, as Clemenceau says, 'There is no irreparable defeat except for the cause that has been abandoned', and we may at least have the grim satisfaction of letting:—

The victors when they come,
When the forts of folly fall
Find our body by the wall.

Let us try, then, to analyze the causes of this situation. Some are more respectable than others, and one of these, as we hinted above, is the natural reaction from the pedantic ideals of the Ph.D. wave that reached its crest in America a generation ago. The conception of literary scholarship that prevailed then was the natural outcome of the materialistic philosophy of the period. Immature Ph.D.'s, often denied by nature the gift of understanding literary art, wrote dry-as-dust theses, not on literature but on problems of book-making, chronology, and plagiarism, and were therefore declared competent to instruct the young on literature. Their failure as teachers was a foregone conclusion; and therefrom arose the unhappy dualistic theory—which is now at the source of our troubles—that 'a good scholar is usually not a good teacher', and, conversely that 'a good teacher can hardly be expected to be a good scholar'. During the German Ph.D. epidemic, of course, the inference drawn was; 'Damn teaching and let's have fine scholars'; now the story runs 'Damn scholarship; we must have good teaching'. But there are some people who challenge the premises and who insist that, in order to be a good university teacher, one must be a good (and that means a productive) scholar. There we must take our stand; we must break down this dualistic conception of a professor's function and substitute for it a monistic one.

We shall return to this presently; meanwhile let us glance at another relatively respectable cause of our lack of literary scholarship. It is commonly believed that there is no important field left for such scholarship; that all the important authors have been thoroughly studied and edited and that the industrious research of the last century has unearthed most of the second and even third-rate authors; in short that we are well on into our Alexandrian age. Perhaps this belief involves too optimistic a view of the completeness of our documentation; it ignores altogether the unharvested fields of Comparative Literature. But, assuming its correctness, then, far from proving the bankruptcy of literary scholarship, it only shows that the real opportunity for that department of thought is just opening for the first time in the world's history.

All that has gone before is mere spade-work, mere clearing of the ground. If all the texts are edited, the sources studied, the chronology established, the biographies of the writers verified, the history of their fame and their influence investigated, then we are ready to start the great structure of interpretative criticism. Perhaps premature attempts were made in the nineteenth century; but the time must be ripe now. If we do not undertake the task, we shall be the first civilization that has refused to give an ordered meaning to the culture it has inherited. What is the value,

what is the meaning, for us moderns of the twentieth century, of the great body of Ancient, Medieval, Renaissance, and Romantic literature? What is the spring of the creative genius? Are there laws of poetry or not? Is there a poetic truth? What is the function of the imagination? What are the relations between economic life and pure literature? Is literature an unconscious form of propaganda? Or is it an expression of the libido? These are specimens of the great questions that call for investigation. We must ally ourselves with other disciplines, psychology, economics, aesthetics; we must build up a philosophy of literature. If the scholars do not do it, others, less qualified, will. One of the cultural facts of the last fifteen years has been the renaissance of literary criticism—but where? Among journalists and 'literary men', not among trained scholars. It is as though the trained scientists of the world should yield the leadership to dabblers and amateurs. Certainly there are splendid exceptions like Boaldensperger's *La Littérature*, Babbitt's *Rousseau and Romanticism*, Lowes' *The Road to Xanadu*. But why are Canadian scholars not doing their bit also?

The usual answer is: Oh! this is a young country; our professors are doing well enough if they inspire a love of literature in the younger generation.

But, in the first place, it may be assumed that our professors of science are also supposed to inspire a love of science in their pupils; yet that does not make us excuse them from doing research work also. In the second place, it may be gravely questioned whether anyone except God can 'inspire' a love of literature. A teacher may 'inspire' love of himself, and even after many years the embers of youthful hero-worship may be fanned into life by fond remarks such as 'Well, I certainly got a lot from Professor. . . .'. But, when one seeks some evidence of the lasting influence of 'the lot' in the present intellectual life of the graduate, there is nothing to greatly impress one. Ten years after Commencement Day, our university graduates never talk of literature; all they talk of is stocks, autos, golf, bridge, and church, like any 'man in the street'. As a matter of fact, the 'inspiring teacher' is usually merely a spellbinder whose effect lasts just as long as his presence and no longer. What lasting results did the 'inspiring' professors of the past generation accomplish for Canadian culture? Is Canadian literature better than it was a generation ago? Is the writing in our newspapers—often the work of university graduates—of a higher quality and does it reveal higher intellectual ideals than that of thirty years ago? Does an estimable periodical like THE CANADIAN FORUM find an easier row to hoe than the extinct *University Magazine* found before the war? If these questions have to be answered in the negative, then the results of our long devotion to 'inspirational' teaching of literature are rather flimsy. As F.H.U. said in a memorable sentence in these columns a few months ago; 'our universities talk eternally about their standards with serene indifference to the fact that the only real test of their standards is the quality of the intellectual life in Canada'.

But the real answer to those who maintain that a university professor's whole duty is performed when

* cf. 'F. H. U.'s' remarks in *O Canada* in THE CANADIAN FORUM for June 1929.

he inspires a love of literature is that, on the contrary, such an achievement is not part of his duty at all. If it is anybody's duty, it is that of the secondary school-teacher. The duty of the university professor is to teach people to *analyse* and *understand* literature as a *phenomenon* in the history of the human spirit, to bring out what Spengler would call its morphological significance. And, in order to fulfil this strenuous function, the professor's own mind will have to be keyed up by constant personal pre-occupation with the philosophical problems that literature suggests. That is why we said a little while ago that, in order to be a good university teacher, one must be a productive scholar. The only literary teaching that deserves the name in a university is the oral outgiving of original thought which the professor is preparing to submit for approval in written form to the universal world of scholars. If he is not doing that (which is all he does do in European universities), then either the professor is afraid to expose his thought to other than adolescent critics, or else he is incompetent to conceive original thoughts, or else he is simply lazy.

And this brings us to one of the less respectable causes of our lack of literary scholarship. One hesitates to accuse colleagues of laziness—but still, after all (having regard to the relatively aristocratic rank that laziness occupies in the hierarchy of human vices), is it not more charitable than to accuse them of incompetence? Moreover, I believe it is the truer explanation. As a matter of fact many a professor—heads of departments included—has volunteered to me the confession that he had long had several projects in mind for articles and books which he would probably have brought to fruition, were it not for the fact that he was incurably lazy. This last was said with no shadow of shame but with the humorous implication 'All we professors are in that boat, aren't we?' A Canadian scholar who published a book recently was pleased to read a very laudatory review of his book from the pen of a colleague in another Canadian university; but his satisfaction was mitigated by a peculiar undertone in the review which coloured it with the ironic—though unformulated—question: 'Why were you such a damned fool as to take such unconscionable trouble? It's not like a professor. What good will it do you?' An altogether morbid stress, for example was laid on the 'amazing industry' which had amassed so much detail; whereas the author had supposed that he was merely performing the normal duty of a salaried servant of the state. After all, a reputation for scholarship turns out to be small subject for vanity in a country with such low standards of scholarly industry. The pityingly patronizing air with which a work of literary scholarship is received in Canada reminds one of the words with which the Duke of Gloucester accepted the gift of a volume of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*: 'Well, well, well! Another of these big, thick, fat books! Always scribble, scribble, scribble, eh, Mr. Gibbon?'

In this matter of scholarly industry it must be frankly recognized (painful as the admission may be to our national vanity) that the native Canadian has shown himself far inferior to the imported British or American scholar.

If university authorities meant what they said, they could remedy this defect of laziness very quickly by simply withholding increase of salary and promotion

in rank from the lazy scholars. But they often do the very opposite; they reward laziness and penalize industry. No doubt, they have an excuse for doing so. The lazy men are agreeable; scholars, like poets, are an *irritable genus*. The whole point of view was well expressed by a well-known head of a Canadian history department: 'What I am mainly looking for in hiring men for my department,' he said, 'is a gentleman; if he happens to know something about history, so much the better.' This point of view is said to be pushed so far in some American universities that candidature for a position in their faculties is of much the same character as candidature for membership in an exclusive club. The prospective colleague must submit to a feeling-out of his social muscles. He will not be subjected to a gruelling brain-test; he will simply be offered a cigar and a glass of bootlegger's whisky, and if he is pronounced a 'clubbable man', a 'good mixer', a 'regular fellow', he will be ushered into the fellowship of learning; otherwise he will be blackballed. No doubt one must have sympathy for the harassed president who regards 'incompatibility of temperament' as the worst of academic failings. On the other hand, 'cussedness' is a traditional weakness of the intellectual type:—

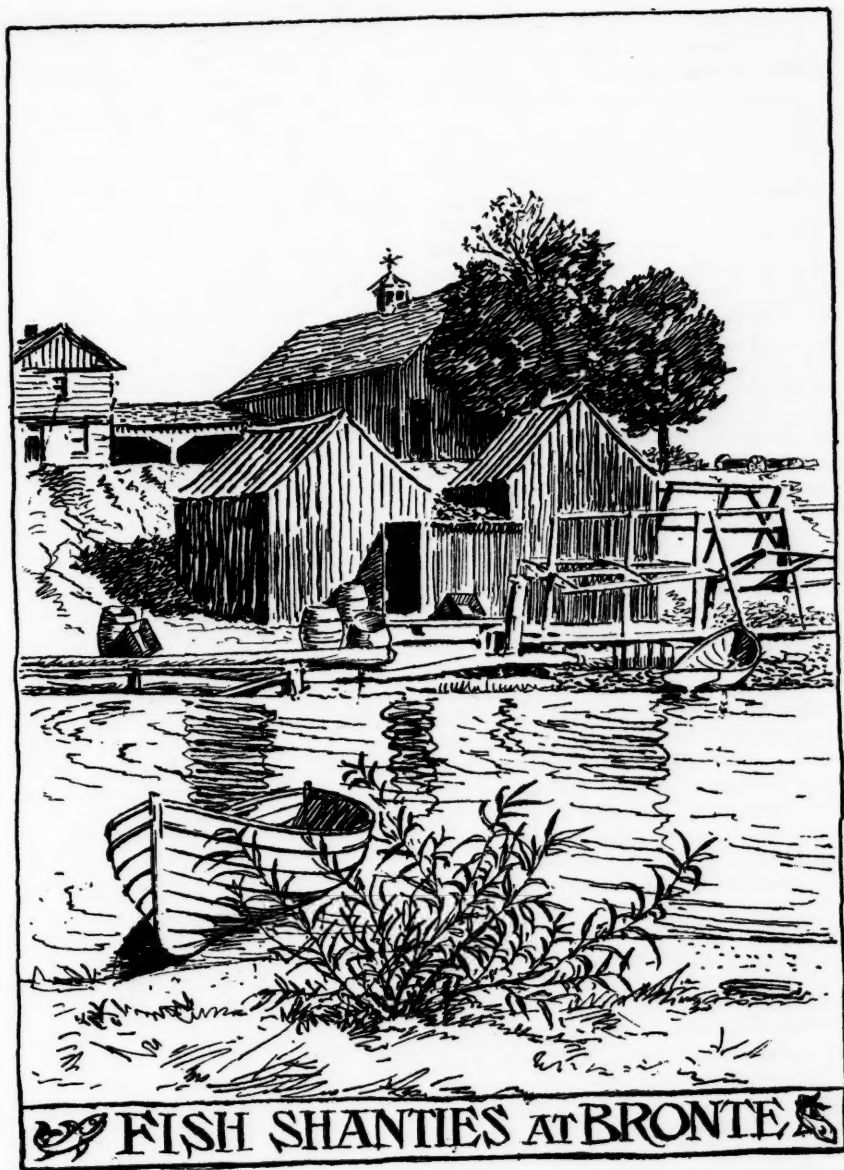
Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide,

and it is a question whether the intellectual vigour of a university should be wholly sacrificed to obtain a decorous, Rotarian good-fellowship.

Of course all unproductive scholars do not cry mea culpa or peccavi. Some of them say 'We are not lazy, but we have no time'. Would that the Carnegie Foundation would settle this question scientifically by finding out exactly what a Canadian literary scholar does with his time; he certainly has plenty to begin with. The long summer vacation in most Canadian universities lasts nearly five months—the longest, I believe, in the known world. An American scholar on learning of the length of the Canadian vacation exclaimed! 'My, what a lot of research you must be able to get done.' Then the hours of teaching in Canadian universities, though longer than the European, are shorter than the American schedule; there are certainly cases of professors teaching not more than six or seven hours a week. Surely these men must have time for research-work.

But no! cry the professors, we need all the time for preparation for our teaching. (If the conception we have championed prevailed, preparation for teaching would be one with productive work; but let that pass.) Now, let us be generous; let us grant the professor twenty-five years, if necessary, in which to consolidate his teaching. Surely, at about the age of fifty, if he is a man of ideas, some thoughts ought to be collecting, quite spontaneously and in connection with his daily teaching-work, about some central theme. Between fifty and retiring-age some hours ought to be found for productive work, if the man has ever been really in love with his subject. What is most disturbing is not the sterility of our younger professors, but the continued sterility of our older men (the ones that are always tinkering at some book but never get it out). Our academic trees yield neither flowers nor fruit.

The fact is that the great freedom in the use of his time accorded to the literary professor is as de-

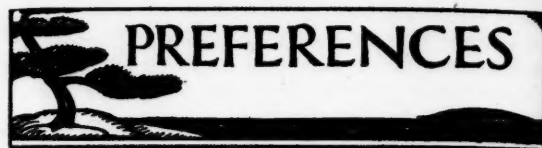


moralizing to him as a corresponding liberty is to his students. After all, the professor—like the student—of science is held down to certain laboratory hours as well as to his lectures; but what does the literary professor do when his scheduled lectures are over? The answer, like that regarding the song the Sirens sang, though difficult, is not beyond all conjecture. He may be minding the baby or mending the car or playing bridge or golf (some presidents have had to reprimand professors for spending too much time on the links); he may be attending an interminable Faculty Meeting (the most respectable way, among a gregarious people, of wasting time); he may be judging a student debate or coaching student dramatics—all legitimate activities for a professor to take part in, according to American and Canadian college ethics; yet, in the questionnaire of the American Historical Association referred to above, a common reason given for the failure of historical scholars to produce was incapacity to say 'No!' when demands were made on their time. A wife of a productive scholar reproached her husband with not being a handy man about the house like one of his colleagues: 'Why, he built their garage and calso-mined their bathroom all by himself.' Another scholar was defended against the charge of unproductiveness on the ground that he had to spend so much time shoveling snow from in front of his house.

My point is that the average literary scholar never—either early or late in his career—succeeds in making a business-like division of his working day, according to which certain hours would be held sacred to his private work. Yet all experience shows that that is the only way of bringing literary work to completion. The excuses professors allege are all soundly respectable ones; yet what would one think of a dentist who, failing to keep his appointment with a patient, gave as his excuse that he had had to dig the garden that afternoon? Yet professors constantly give such excuses for failure to keep appointments with their self-imposed literary tasks.

Time, of course, takes her revenge. Some day these slackers will 'under her solemn fillets see the scorn.' But meanwhile the country is being cheated out of the results it is supposedly paying for. Is it possible to shift the ultimate responsibility from the shoulders of our university authorities? With one firm 'no' when these slackers ask for promotion they could transform the situation. But as long as they put a premium on cynical laziness and humiliate industry things will go from bad to worse till the solitary intellectual worker amid a hive of drones will have to comfort himself with a bitter transposition of Marcus Aurelius' famous saying; 'Even in a Canadian university the intellectual life may be lived well.'

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THE other day I was reading an article on Strindberg which put forward as a prime reason for his unpopularity on the English stage that he was wanting in that quality which in modern England is called a sense of humour. This, the writer said, did not mean that he was blind to the ludicrous aspects of life—I remember from my own limited reading of him that there are admirable comic scenes in that powerful play, *Master Olaf*—but that 'he was without that perversion of courtesy, that polite half-apologetic reticence, that cultivated reluctance to compel an audience to drink spiritual passion neat, which has for many years been demanded of dramatists'; and he added that if this view of Strindberg prevailed it would go hard with his repute.

What I liked about this comment was that it showed that one critic at least was beginning to be weary of the 'sense of humour' test and was ready to question its validity. And perhaps at long last some such thought is in the air; for no sooner had I put down the article on Strindberg than I found the same protest—only more explicitly voiced—in a review of Barry Pain's stories, in which it was suggested that the writer had been unnecessarily slighted and that the zeal and devotion with which he practised his craft would have won him 'the most solemn recognition had it not been for his fatal gift of humour.'

You see how it works. Strindberg is deficient in humour of some sort, therefore he is not good enough. Barry Pain—not the giant Strindberg is, but nevertheless a writer of parts—is a humorous writer, therefore he is not good enough either. On the face of it this looks contradictory, but it is only superficially so; there is method in the phrase all the same. It is as reliable as an opera-glass reversed; no matter what you look at, it seems smaller. Those who talk at large about a 'sense of humour' are people who begrudge genius its due and are not happy when they think of great men; and since there is no writer—except Shakespeare—who cannot be either dubbed a humourous writer or a humourless one, it is possible to use this two-edged weapon against everyone and make all literature less than it was before. Mr. F. P. Grove who was lecturing on fiction the other day—I didn't hear him, but he has a knack of reverberating when he speaks—probably had something of this in mind when he protested against the tyranny of humour in English fiction. His opinion was, if I heard it correctly, that the demand for humour was sapping the novel tradition in England and defeating its nobler purpose. Here again—and all within a few days—I encountered the same opinion. Both the critic, it would seem, and the novelist are beginning to see through this insidiously belittling phrase 'a sense of humour', and are ready to bring it before the bar of our common humanity.

The first thing to do in our arraignment—it would take a whole quarter-sessions to complete it—would be to strip it of its lurking nationalism. There is no doubt that the English, who coined the phrase and

use it nine times to any other country's once, are inclined to treat it as a part of the blessed Empire and that when they read, for example, that Strindberg has no sense of humour, it sets a little Union Jack wagging inside them—somewhere between the spleen and the taffrail—I leave it to Collip and Banting to locate it more precisely—and this, if you please, is what they call their aesthetic sensibility. You can see this self-deception very clearly at work in those English critics who are so violently up in arms against the recent popularity of certain German war-novels—notably Remarque's. All their nationalism is roused—and at the most inappropriate moment—by the earnest pictures of trench-life which these foreign books present; for, if this earnest view prevails and is accepted by the five continents, what room will there be for Old Bill and the Tommies? Why, the whole Bairnsfather and Tipperary myth will come tumbling about our ears and the Empire will go to rack and ruin. Better sacrifice pacifism altogether than thus jeopardize the nation's gods!

Fortunately this is not the real English tradition, it is just a kind of Victorianism which has cunningly made its way out of the nineteenth century into the twentieth. It originated with the Victorian gentleman's sense of good form and the ironies of Kipling's soldiery; it survived in the Shavian comedy, which, like Gilbert and Sullivan before it, revelled in it as well as ridiculed it and did more in the end to perpetuate it than to do away with it; and it has taken on a new lease of life since the war in the Strachey and Sitwell schools and the general distrust of emotional and passionate life which makes it possible for present-day writers to assume such airs of moral emancipation. What fun it is to see the Dear Old Queen playing so neat a trick on Mr. Noel Coward. I wonder how long it will be before he sees through it.

Of course the real weakness of this 'sense of humour' test is its utter lack of humour. It collapses even by its own miserable standard. I suspect that the first man who talked about it was some unhappy creature who had never cracked an effective joke in his life and who suddenly discovered that if he got in early with an 'Has he got a sense of humour?' his own deficiency was covered and he could feel at ease in any company. This was all right so far, he was entitled to his little device. But unfortunately he was a literary critic and he got into the habit of asking this defensive question every time he opened a book. It made reviewing so easy that he could not bear to give it up. And so the tradition got established as part of the literary stock-in-trade.

If you are disinclined to accept this theory, all I ask you to do is to remember it next time you hear the question and then take a closer look at the man who puts it. You will see at once that he is a dismal dog, probably underfed. I have seen and heard many of them in my day and there was not a merry soul among them. When I run my mind's eye over them I see a lot of lugubrious, lantern-jawed fellows standing in a line, like a chorus from a comic opera, and swaying to and fro with raised forefinger as they intone their sepulchral refrain—

Has he a sense of humour?

No! No! No!

INCONSTANT READER.

ROCKYFORD, ALBERTA

The Canadian Bank of Commerce
At Rockyford
Looks like a Chinese pagoda:
Its red tin roof hangs over
The room where the clerks sleep,
And the canary yellow walls
Create an Oriental effect.
The bright orange paint
That covers the side of
Poole Hardware
Screams a slogan to travellers—
'It Pays to Buy
MARTIN SENOUR 100 per cent
Pure Paint'
Ten cars park
At irregular angles
On the broad main street
Of Rockyford,
And a man
Leans negligently
Against the B.C. Cafe
With a toothpick in his mouth:
Two horses attached to a dray
Hang their heads
In the heat of the sun
And a baby
With pink rompers
Clings tenaciously
To the dull red wall
Of the station house.
A bunch of men—
Maybe farmers—
Sit at the open door
Of the lumber yard,
And blue smoke
Pours out of the garage
Next door.
The angular walls of six elevators
Tower above the buildings
And cast dynamic shadows
Across the tracks;
Massive sentinels
Waiting patiently for grain
To ripen.

This is Rockyford
As I saw it one morning
In July
While the sun beat down
On the wheat fields.

ARCHIBALD F. KEY.





THE NEW WRITERS

IV.
SEAN O'CASEY

WE shall never have any considerable bulk of genuinely good new literature until the Great War has receded into the comfortably remote past. Not only did that conflict embitter our novelists and playwrights; it has ruined our standards of artistic value. Let any writer, who twenty years ago would have produced a novel of infra-Worboise calibre, write the same thing now with a V. A. D. as heroine instead of a curate's fiancée, let him 'face facts' by throwing in 'bloody' at intervals, with a few blasphemies that would have made Voltaire yawn his head off, and we cheer ourselves hoarse over the progress of the novel. The majority of us actually make the childish blunder of supposing that a literary work is great because its subject is vital, as if Guido Reni's *Assumption* were a finer picture than *The Fighting Temeraire*. That the situation is not quite so absurd in drama as in fiction can be attributed only to the greater difficulty of getting a play accepted.

This aberration accounts for the vogue of Mr. O'Casey, though only *The Silver Tassie* deals with the Great War, his other plays being concerned with the

recent Irish troubles. His one merit is skilful photography, his one peculiarity a predilection for anguish. Nearly all his writings are essays in obsolete theatricality newly costumed. He is precisely like Pinero, substituting slums for drawing-rooms, whisky for cards, politics for philandering; neither of the two has any new ideas, any fresh conception of life; and in consequence both will be forgotten in thirty years. Consider Mr. O'Casey's best-known drama, *Juno and the Paycock*, and permit me to repeat what I have written before. 'We have here again the stale old melodrama at which everyone laughs, disguised by a different *mise-en-scène*. Again we meet the murderers, the traitors, the honest rejected lover, the dishonest handsome lover (with refined accent), the comic rascal, the man who is sorry to take the sewing-machine but tain't my fault missus, the father's 'Out of my sight, girl' frustrated by the mother's 'If she goes, I go too.' The serious part of the action was mostly an unscrupulous assault on the feelings of a tearful audience: unscrupulous because, whereas a good dramatist accumulates his horrors naturally, here they were bundled atop of one another in irrational conglomeration. We should be thankful that we were spared the only calamity still unused: sudden dementia (with shrieks) of Mrs. Boyle.'

That one merit above mentioned is a two-sided vigour: he has vividness of dialogue and he produces forceful propaganda. In dialogue *The Plough and the Stars* and *Juno* are especially good: it never rises to greatness, but is certainly good competent workmanship. The propaganda is (I suppose it has now be-



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come a genuine singular noun?) excellent of the kind like Mr. Sherriff's in *Journey's End*. But propagandist drama is seldom good (witness Mr. Galsworthy's plays) because it makes us excited about 'questions' and 'movements' when it should deepen our gusto for life itself. Moreover the trouble about propaganda in books is that it doesn't work, at any rate about war: it only makes you feel what fools people were to have the last war; it doesn't prevent you from making yourself a fool about the next. How much effect on the recent war had Bright's great speeches, not to mention Tolstoi? When people want a new war they merely say: 'Oh, I know; but, you see, this is a Holy War,' and plunge ahead. If our great advocates of peace, instead of proving again and again that 'war is hell,' would convince us that the accepted conditions which make war possible are hellish, some benefit might accrue. But plays like these are no more use than it would be to tell a consumptive patient to cease coughing.

His subject is always the same—the agony of normal men and women mangled by 'great causes.' If we are to draw any moral, it is that ideas don't matter, or rather that they should not be allowed to matter, that national 'causes' and 'movements' torture the individual and should therefore be allowed to die by an universal abstention from supporting them. This doctrine possesses a grim fascination; if one could only be sure that everyone else would abstain, the plan would conceivably be worth trying: it would mean the abolition of misery at the expense of abolishing civilization. As for Mr. O'Casey's characters, they are very few though their names are many. He uses four types: witty wastrels, dehumanized idealists, tormented women, and featureless Englishmen. The witty people illuminate his plays by flashes, not of humour but of that cruel cackling fun which, when seasoned with a few begorras and a 'rich brogue,' supplied the English stage for so many years with 'delicious Irishmen.' Mr. O'Casey puts these glib scoundrels into conditions that show them up, but even this has been done before—Haffigan in *John Bull's Other Island*.

One element of great interest can nevertheless be found. This writer is a realist in the popular sense: that is, not only an artist who portrays things as they are instead of portraying them as he would like them to be, but an artist who selects for that treatment things ugly, mean, vile, or silly. Now, it is a fact throwing light upon the very nature of art, and maybe upon the Universe itself, that every realist, whether he belongs to the true or to the 'popular' sort, finds himself sooner or later compelled to admit somewhere, on some terms, that radiance, that strange beauty, so often named romance, which (whatever its name) is essentially non-realistic. You find it in Ibsen's grim middle period—the poetry of Hedda's frightful little monologue as she burns the manuscript is but one example; in Shaw's queer fourth-dimensional outbreaks, such as Mrs. George's trance; it is the special glory of Euripidean drama. And Mr. O'Casey has it too, in those strange stanzas of *The Silver Tassie* recited by men who, as a cold fact, never spoke poetry in their lives but whom the playwright forces to become the mouthpiece of the thoughts whereby they are haggard.

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four
saying nothing
eating

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four minds passing through walls and air and trees
and men and women and through the bodies of
horses and of birds and through rocks
and leaping the length of a day's journey
in a moment
oblivious of the collapsed space
in their path

and reversing the flow of time
putting latter things first
and first things at the end

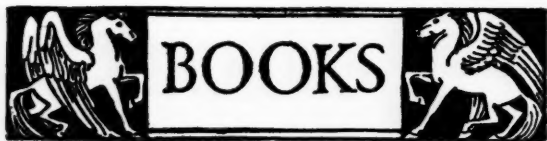
free of dimension
nowhere attached
or rigid
or taking up any room
or resisted by anything

afloat

and one presently comes back to where his body is
and using his voice
speaks

but it doesn't matter what he says

BERTRAM BROOKER.



AN ENGLISHMAN ON THE WHEAT TRADE

THE BREAD OF BRITAIN, by A. H. Hurst (Oxford University Press; pp. 79, and graphs; 75 cents).

THIS is the cry of one who sees himself ousted by new ways: the cry of a grain merchant 'crushed' as he says 'by the irresistible pressure of the upper millstone of concentrated selling and the nether millstone of concentrated buying'. He feels it, as keenly as does the craftsman displaced by the automatic machine or the village storekeeper displaced by the chain store and mail-order houses. He served the public; he and his like felt that they were a national asset. But the encroaching giants of today serve their own profit only. It is the cry, furthermore, of a clever grain merchant, with a lively style and much insight in the field where he is himself a specialist. He shows how valuable the grain trade has been to British shipping and finance and also how cheap and steady the price of bread stuff was in the halcyon pre-war days, when (it may be added) the farmers of North America were farming for their title deeds. But it is no *Nunc dimittis* that he proposes now to sing. Rather with the vigour of a suffocating man he strikes fiercely at the new forces which encompass his trade, at the

wicked producers overseas and the wicked millers at home. For they are bleeding the public, and incidentally strangling him.

The tract makes a considerable display of scholarship. It has bibliography, tables, and graphs. It is not clear however why the discovery of gold in 1948 lowers the price level of all commodities! (note to table on p. 75.) New gold raises the level. And it is unpardonable that a book whose main assault is on the Canadian Wheat Pool should omit from the bibliography all references to the ample literature on the subject—Patton, Booth, the Year Books of the Plunkett Foundation—to mention only three. There is no evidence that the author has read these works; indeed, whenever he refers to Canada, his remarks are worthless. Thus he can write, 'In the United States speculation in wheat is widespread among all classes; in Canada it is almost a universal obsession among the people'. This will be news to Canadians. In Eastern Canada, since the rise of the Pool, it has been curtailed. Non-pool farmers, when they buy a May future, often do so in the false belief that they are hedging the sale of the crop.

In so far as the author knows anything of North America, he sees it through United States' spectacles, and these the spectacles of that able but dogmatic school of economists who criticize co-operation in all its powerful forms. The author has this sort of thing to tell us about American co-operation: (1) Through Aaron Sapiro the dried fruit co-operatives 'achieved permanent prosperity'; (2) 'The co-operative marketing movement in both California and Canada will soon spread to the Middle Western States of the American Union'; (3) '50 per cent of American farmers are already organized in bodies that can be subject to the new national grain company'. These three statements are not only wrong, but inordinately wrong. The California Fruit Growers (citrus fruits) are the banner co-operative of America, and they owe nothing to Mr. Sapiro. The Sapiro co-operatives (dried fruits)—prunes and raisins, for example—have encountered serious trouble: though whether because of Mr. Sapiro's policy is disputed. Certainly they have not achieved permanent prosperity. The Middle Western States are the centre of some strong large-scale co-operatives e.g. the Land o' Lakes Creameries, the numerous Terminal Marketing Associations of Live Stock Producers in the Corn Belt and elsewhere. The third statement is the most outrageous. The figure of fifty is a fake. There are some 7 million farmers in America, and 2 million members of co-operatives of all sorts. The author reduces the 7 millions to 4 by saying that 3 are marginal and do not count. To these 4 million is ascribed the total co-operative membership, the large majority of which is not concerned with grain growing. But 2 million out of 4 is 50 per cent: and this is the army banded together to aid the wicked designs of the Federal Farm Board in controlling the price of export grain. The American grain co-operatives would be glad to be as strong as this, but they are not. Their pools have made little headway; and though the farmers frequently own local elevators, they have rarely gone beyond this.

The author thinks so ill of co-operation by producers that one wonders what he will say about the consumer. Great Britain has been and still is a very

powerful buyer, but Mr. Hurst laments one of the causes which have made her so, the integration of her milling industry. Mr. Hurst scents a milling trust. The majority of milling is in the hands of three great firms. The C.W.S. of Manchester is the largest of the three; and since it is owned by, and operated for the advantage of, the wage-earning consumer, most people would agree that this is sufficient to keep the milling margins of their competitors within reasonable bounds. But our author will not see it so. 'If the thesis contained in this memorandum is correct, then the Co-operative Wholesale Society by helping in concentration of wheat buying, eliminating the merchant, and purchasing from controlled supplies, is really adding tremendously to costs and largely offsetting its gains'. The answer to this is that the thesis is incurably wrong.

A foretaste of the misjudgments from which the tract suffers is provided by the 'historical survey' with which it opens. All economists except Cournot and Mr. H. L. Moore are wrong, and blind to the signs of the times. And equally, if his history is right, the historians are wrong also. We are informed that Malthus wrote his Essay on Population in 1798 as a result of 'the greater increase of population, relative to the production of home wheat'; (this fact did not influence theory until the formulation of the Law of Diminishing Return in 1815): that in the work of the Physiocrats 'we find the original of Adam Smith's ideas'; (recent research establishes the essentially indigenous quality of Adam Smith's ideas); that by enclosure 'England's agricultural population was reduced and her yeomanry made landless'; (it is probable that the agricultural population was increased by enclosure, and certainly those made landless were not in the main yeomanry). But, of course, these are trimmings. They are introduced in order to give emphasis to the role of imported wheat in the economy of Britain. This indeed was very important, but no useful purpose is served by suggestions that the economic welfare of Britain must rest on the continued importation of wheat in the old way. In rationalization our author sees only 'the whims of groups'.

But he keeps his deadliest blow until the end. If he proposed to return to the old way one could ask him how that old way could possibly serve modern needs. But he preaches up individualism only to throw it away in the most reckless form imaginable. He asks the British government to see that 'the service formerly exclusively rendered by the grain merchant shall not be lost to the country.' Had they done so, no doubt in May 1929 they would have accumulated reserves. But the milling trade refused and they were right. In fact the millers and the C.W.S. have done remarkably well. Why not then let well enough alone? Because of an imaginary tomorrow. 'Tomorrow, unfavourable weather, supplies withheld from markets, and better financial outlook, will as readily provoke panicky buying with extortionate famine prices for bread.' This is the old Malthusian bogey in modern dress. Tomorrow population will be excessive. Tomorrow Diminishing Returns will be hard at work; and would be already but for this and but for that—but for the trend of social growth, but for the progress of transportation and natural science. So the ancient threat goes on.

But let us close on a note of appreciation. So long as the writer is inside his trade, he writes well of



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its purpose and mechanism. What could be a better statement of the relation between the cash and future markets than this:— 'Instead of wheat for future delivery being in a sense merely an outgrowth of the cash market, the two markets became reciprocal in their effects upon each other... In the place of "cause and effect" there came the usual market situation of correlations, the sense for which constitutes the true merchant'. Similarly the sense for complementary evolution, organization of producers overseas, organization of consumers (trade consumers or ultimate consumers) at home, constitutes the true economist when he is dealing with changes of market structures.

C. R. FAY.

UPPER CANADA TORIES AND REFORMERS

JESSE KETCHUM AND HIS TIMES, by E. J. Hathaway (McClelland and Stewart; pp. 359; \$3.50).

WILLIAM KIRBY: the Portrait of a Tory Loyalist, by Lorne Pierce (Macmillans in Canada; pp. xiv, 477; \$5.00).

ALFRED TENNYSON AND WILLIAM KIRBY, by Lorne Pierce (Oxford University Press; pp. 71; \$5.00).

JESSE KETCHUM must have been an attractive and interesting figure in the early days of Toronto. Mr. Hathaway's book gives a good popular account of his life and times but it seems to be based largely on printed sources. There are practically no quotations from private letters or diaries, and the view we get of the subject of the biography is a very external one. So many books have been written about the first fifty years of Upper Canada that the author might have spared us another narrative for the sake of some of the account-books of Ketchum's tannery, and some of the minutes of early church meetings, and some of the correspondence of Ketchum with other political leaders of his day. If any material of this kind survives in the family records the author seems to have made little use of it.

Mr. Lorne Pierce's study of William Kirby is a very sloppy piece of work. It stretches out to such a length that it becomes almost as tiresome as Kirby must have been himself. The booklet on Kirby's correspondence with Tennyson is given in substance in one of the chapters of the big book, and one wonders why it should have been published separately. Mr. Pierce gives a more or less chronological account of Kirby's life and tries to fit him into the political developments of the time; but I defy anyone to piece together out of this book a clear account of how political events followed one another in Canada from the 1840's to the 1900's. Mr. Pierce will be rambling along in the years 1878-1881 and suddenly there will appear a paragraph quite out of its context about John A. and Sir Hugh Allan in 1872 (p. 272). In the same chapter is a letter from George Brown dated 1879 which clearly from its contents belongs to 1849. The puzzled reader comes across the following new figures in nineteenth century history—Lord Shaftsbury, Col. MacDonnell (Brock's aide), Sir Allan MacNabb, Lord Monk, the Duke of New Castle, Chief Justice Sir J. B. McCauley, Froud, Holten, Lord Edward Bulwer Lytton, Lord Huntingdon (i.e. Hartington), Messrs Groschen and W. E. Foster. Still worse, he comes across sentences like these:— 'Johnnie and he accompanied him to Lewiston, the last he saw of his father' (p. 188); 'He received a copy of LeMay's verse, the man who was ultimately to translate *The*

Golden Dog' (p. 189); 'The customs duties were light, and little wickedness to tax him in the court room.' (p. 304). It may be confidently predicted that this book will not be awarded the Lorne Pierce Medal of the Royal Society of Canada, 'the highest literary distinction a Canadian may win.'

Among other things Mr. Pierce tells us of an ancestor of William Kirby's, a man named Watson, who 'was the friend of Roger Ascham and Edmund Spenser, a *habitué* of the Boar's Head Tavern, and served with Nelson on the *Victory* at Trafalgar.' This Watson must have been a stout fellow, and he should be worth a study by someone. But, please, not by Mr. Pierce. He has given us 500 pages about Kirby who, after all, only lived for 89 years.

FRANK H. UNDERHILL.

'PATRIOTISM IS NOT ENOUGH'

ALL OUR YESTERDAYS, by H. M. Tomlinson (Museum; pp. 445; \$2.00).

THIS second novel of Mr. Tomlinson's may puzzle and disappoint many readers of his first one, for it lacks the very qualities which made *Gallions Reach* so thoroughly satisfying. There are no fully realized characters here like the Captain of the *Altair*, Sinclair the mate, or the mining adventurer of Pahang; nor do we find here the unity of that story of one man's rounded experience. *Gallions Reach* was the story of a man who found himself, *All our Yesterdays* is the story of a generation who found themselves out; and while the first theme was well within Mr. Tomlinson's scope, the second one seems to have been beyond it. But another reason is needed to explain the lack of even one living character in this novel of England at war; for although we can understand Mr. Tomlinson's sympathetic preoccupation with the 'Bolts' that held the ship together rather than with the men who were navigating her when she struck, we would expect Charlie Bolt and his friends to be flesh and blood even if the politicians and generals were dummies. The truth is that Mr. Tomlinson was made a reformer long before he made himself a novelist, and his social conscience is so sensitive that in writing a war novel the reformer was bound to dominate the artist in him. This explains why the main characters are so confusingly indefinite, for they are all Tomlinson and no one else; their conversations have the character of self-communings and an air of unreality hangs over their story no matter how intimately or blastingly real the scene of their actions may be. We will remember the book not as a novel at all but as an indictment.

What Mr. Tomlinson set out to do was to show up the whole pre-war order of society, which, developing freely on competitive, survival-of-the-fittest lines through nationalism to imperialism, worked inevitably towards universal catastrophe. The story opens appropriately in 1900 with the launching of a battleship in the shipyards of an East End district whose people have lived for the past year on the rewards of their labour in creating this destructive monster and rejoice at the news that another is to be laid down. The Boer War is on, and we see the frenzy of Mafeking night end with a triumphant mob wrecking the shop of a little radical bookseller. As the years unroll we get glimpses of the European nations all driven by the

same aggressive spirit bred of jealousy and fear, all scheming, all arming; we are taken out to the primitive jungle of Africa to find this spirit at work even there ('You can go where you please, you can skid up the trees, but you don't get away from the guns'). Back to Europe again, to Germany completing her strategic railways, England torn by Irish nationalism, rifles out in Belfast, the shooting of an Archduke in far off Sarajevo; and then the grinding crash.

The horrors of the war have never been more baldly revealed than in the burnished mirror of Mr. Tomlinson's prose, but his thesis is always dominant: 'It was already becoming clear for the first time to many onlookers that the earth is not two hemispheres, as we had thought, but one simple and responsive ball'; and misery and death spread like a plague over the surface of the whole ball because on one part of it nationalism had blossomed in its deadly flower. However oblique the author's angle of approach may be he is always striking in at the core of his argument which is summed up in the words spoken by a clergyman in the doorway of his East End vicarage on a night lightened only by the transient ghastly beam of a searchlight sweeping the sky for signs of more death on the way:—

'My Church is down, my God has been deposed again. There is another God now, the State, the State Almighty. I tell you that god will be worse than Moloch. You had better keep that in mind. It has no vision; it has only expediency. It has no morality, only power. And it will have no arts, for it will punish the free spirit with death. It will allow no freedom, only uniformity. Its altar will be a ballot-box, and that will be a lie. Right before us is its pillar of fire. It has a heart of gun-metal and its belly is full of wheels. You will have to face the brute, you will have to face it. It is nothing but our worst, nothing but the worst of us, lifted up. The children are being fed to it.'

If *All Our Yesterdays* is a bad novel, at least it is freighted with good propaganda. But it is perhaps a pity that it was cast in the form of a novel at all; for while literary people seem to regard Tomlinson as a subtle artist with a simple technique, he is really a simple man with a subtle technique; his simplicity is that of a prophet, what he has to say here is vital, and if he had said it more plainly and directly it might have been more widely read and understood.

R. DE B.

HYPNOTISM

HYPNOSIS AND SELF-HYPNOSIS, by Bernard Hollander (Allen & Unwin; pp. 191; 6/-).

IN HIS new book on hypnosis Dr. Hollander has given us a simple and straightforward account of the subject. His book has been written for the general reader and much controversial matter has been rather lightly passed over but this is inevitable in so brief a summary.

The author is a practicing physician who for thirty years has been using hypnosis in treating many types of physical and mental disease. He is a strong advocate for its extended use and he gives a very good account of the technique that should be employed. The great advantage, according to him, for hypnosis over other forms of psychotherapy is the rapidity with which cures can be effected. This is true in certain cases, but unfortunately many of these cures tend to relapse almost as quickly, and that is bad for the patient. The author admits the need of follow-

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M. Georges Clemenceau's public life began in goal under the last of the Napoleons and ended in retirement in a fisherman's hut in his Native Vendée. In that space of time he had enjoyed all the political honours of his country. He had led rebellions; he had been hailed as a vindicator, he had numbered among his friends, the great men of his country, Rodin, Monet and Lola, Thiers, Hugo and Jules Ferry. George Adam knew Clemenceau, he is a friend of M. Briand; and is a recognized authority on French History\$3.00

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Poet and hotel manager, these were the roles designed for Saturday Keith and he met the requirements of each with equal success; the one brought him fame, the other a livelihood—no wonder he considered Lady Mercy Cotton his fairy godmother. But these two are not the only ones of the narrative—there is the butler who invents a blue cocktail, a red-haired adventuress, an American "get-rich-quicker", a beautiful lady who plays golf—and others, dashing, amusing and whimsical. \$2.00

Goldman's

By Sigfrid Siwertz

A departmental store the background for a romance! Indeed, it is more than that, it is the romance itself for the little Jew, frightened and amazed at his ownership, cannot be separated from his store. No more can the other people of the narrative—their life is in the store, one in the clocks, one in the gowns, one in the toys and so on. \$2.50

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up work to prevent relapse, but he maintains that a deeper impression can be made on the patient's subconscious mind when he is in a stage of light hypnosis than can be made by any other known method when he is fully conscious. Hypnosis is a short-cut to the subconscious, and by its use the emotional reserves can be tapped. Without this emotional drive no real change in the patient's outlook or manner of life can be achieved no matter what direct appeal is made to the intelligence. The results of hypnosis quoted by Dr. Hollander are a strong argument in favour of its use and the detailed examples given are most convincing. Of course the sceptic may suggest that such cases would probably have responded to any form of mental treatment given by an equally skilled operator, and that only by applying statistical methods to a large number of consecutive cases could one really determine the value of hypnosis. Any such control experiment would be almost hopelessly difficult to apply because of the infinite variety of mental conditions on the borderline of normality. In the meantime hypnosis will continue to be what it has been for a hundred years, a matter of personal belief and a splendid subject for argument.

It is certainly remarkable that in spite of the claims made for hypnosis one finds very little use being made of it in our hospitals. Dr. Hollander implies that anyone can carry out hypnotic treatment but one suspects him of excessive modesty. Almost everyone who can concentrate can be hypnotized but probably not everyone can do the hypnotizing. It might be worth while having the Departments of Psychology of our Universities work out this question with their senior students. They could determine what types have the magnetic personality and how common it really is. The fortunate possessors could then be guided into religion or politics or wherever their gifts would be most useful.

The rest of us could then continue as at present to limit our hypnotic efforts to ourselves; for of the frequency and importance of self-hypnosis there is no dispute. We all do it and very few recognize the fact for what it is. The commonest form it takes is probably that called 'Rationalization', where some unpleasant act or experience is explained away or hidden so that our self-respect does not suffer. The ease with which people can in this way derive satisfaction from conduct which to others seems merely sub-human, shows how useful and widespread is the habit. Much of our traditional morality depends on it. Matters on which people 'feel deeply' and cannot reason at all such as Fundamentalism, Demon Rum Complex, Communist Phobias, and all War Hysterias have their origin in this self-hypnosis mechanism, just as surely as the morbid fears of the paranoid or maniac depressive case in the hospital for the insane. Dr. Hollander might well have devoted more space to this aspect of the subject of such practical importance in our daily life.

Instead of this we have the latter half of the book taken up with illustrations of the heights to which the human mind can be raised by hypnosis. The author tells of numerous students whom he has got through their examinations by its use. There should be a good opening for somebody in this field alone. Clairvoyance, telepathy, ghosts, and other supernormal phenomena are dealt with at length as examples of what can happen in the hypnotic state. The author is de-

termined his subject shall be taken seriously, though his collection of evidence rather reminds one of the selling points of Pelmanism and Christian Science. He makes out a most interesting case but one is still left wondering why the use of hypnosis is not more common. Perhaps with the extended sale of his book we may have a number of amateur experimental hypnotists, from whose efforts a fresh and wider series of observations may someday be collected.

A. M. GOULDING.

THE CHINESE REVOLUTION

THE LEGACY OF SUN YATSEN, A History of the Chinese Revolution, by Gustav Amann, translated from the German by Frederick Philip Grove (Louis Carrier & Co.; pp. xii, 302; \$3.75).

HIS star seems to have waned'

So ends the meagre half-column note in the Encyclopedia Sinica (Oxford University Press, 1917) devoted to the now dead but almost deified Sun Yatsen. Waned? Like Shakespeare's Julius Caesar, his spirit may well be said to have become more powerful after death than during life. This reality is borne home quite forcefully upon all impartial observers who have spent any of the last five years in the New China which is painfully but surely struggling into existence.

The facts of Dr. Sun's great contribution to his people are presented sympathetically in the first half of the volume, together with the usual historical background. Surely the nature of this legacy of an unselfish life, a nation-inspiring idea, and a practical programme cannot be unimportant for those interested in the current trend of world history. (The book is *not*, however, what it is attributed to be on the flap of the jacket, a 'biography' of Sun Yatsen, and should not be read in the hope of finding that.)

The second half deals very graphically with the working out in the lives of his followers of the principles laid down by their dead leader. True, this drive for a national self-consciousness, economic stability, independence of foreign control—this 'Word' of Sun Yatsen which idealizes a sovereign people in a sovereign state—is seen to have lost much of its power, on the one hand through its perversion by the militarists within the Kuomintang itself, on the other by the outspoken communists who made a wild bid for control of the nation's destinies at one time in this dramatic story. But the statement thus becomes as much more interesting as it is necessarily more intricate. Altogether, it is probably as good a history of the first sixteen years of the revolution, and especially 1926 and 1927, as is yet available.

As the first part centers round the figure of Sun Yatsen, so the second focuses largely on the military career of his successor—skilled in the strategy of war and the craft of a Chinese politician—Chiang Kaishek. Because of the latter's divergence from the ways of his master, Amann is unconsciously prejudiced against this general, who climbed the ladder to success with due humility, but on reaching the upmost round 'believed in nothing but himself'. This prejudice is pointed out in the introduction, written by another German, and we are able to discount it throughout the book.

Generally speaking, the author has managed to state the facts as impartially as he sets out to do,

from the Chinese revolutionists' point of view; with these facts he seems to be more intimate than at least any non-missionary foreigner except perhaps Borodin, for several years Russian adviser to the Cantonese government. Possibly he goes a little beyond the mark when he implies that the Chinese people have an 'inborn mistrust'—for the ethical principles of Christianity. 'According to Confucian ideas,' he continues, 'Christianity gives sufficient expression neither to filial reverence nor to loyalty to the law. The people found in Christian doctrine an undermining of these two pillars of Chinese morals and Chinese family cohesion. It revolted.' In spite of all the blunders and blindness of the missionary movement in China, of which the present reviewer is all too conscious, one feels that such a statement as the above could not easily be substantiated on any wide view of the reaction of the Chinese generally to the missionary enterprise from the West.

The capitalist system and what he calls 'standard democracy' come in for criticism such as may again be the author's own much more truly than the point of view of the revolting Chinese. But the most telling criticism, to the British reader, will be that directed against the British position in China; here our German writer may have the funeral bells of Europe, 1918, still ringing in his ears—at any rate, England is severely rated for her will-to-power in Asia generally and in the domain of Sun Yatsen particularly. The inevitable result according to this rather gloomy prophet is that 'in black letters on a flaming wall the revolt of the whole of Asia is proclaimed'. A white-yellow war is then foretold in no uncertain terms.

Chinese weaknesses are of course not overlooked by the author who (the writer of the introduction tells us) 'had once stood close to Sun Yatsen as his friend', and stayed on some years after his death to write the sequel. The disillusioned Borodin suffered through a trait which Sun Yatsen had foreseen accurately: 'the militarists of his own party got ready to exploit the victory of the revolution.' Again; 'At last Borodin had been overtaken by that terrible disappointment which no foreigner is spared who devotes himself unconditionally to the service of this people.' The exploitation foretold by Dr. Sun took place in due time, and Borodin had to return to Russia.

Eugene Chen, as a remarkably successful propagandist and minister of foreign affairs of the Nationalist government; and T. V. Soong, the minister of finance and a man who outstripped the mass of his confreres in that 'he risked action' and consolidated the government in the face of stupendous odds: these are two whom Amann singles out for special praise, and it would seem with full justice. Of the Northern war-lords, Feng Yuhsiang, Chang Tzolin and the rest, he has little good to say, and again perhaps it is just.

Sun Yatsen's *San Ming Chu I*, the book behind the revolution, in its present stage, might have been expounded at greater length; but this, for some reason, the author has not treated very fully.

Amann finishes his work as he began it, in a tacit appeal to his readers for a sympathetic interest in this vast experiment of the Chinese towards freedom. 'All times have fought for freedom; every age for a freedom of its own; and the Chinese people will fight on for its special freedom. Without freedom?, he asks with the poet, 'where were the world?'

A word should be said about the translation by Frederick Philip Grove. In undertaking, and even recommending the labour, he yet disclaims any consistent sympathy with the views expressed by the author and therefore any desire of propaganda-writing. He translates, he explains because he thinks that 'the book, quite apart from its historical value, presents a struggle for freedom which is symbolic of the Promethean nature of man.'

It is a pity that the translator's middle name should have been mis-spelt on the otherwise attractive jacket, also that one of two obscurities of expression have crept into the English text. But there is one error which could not conceivably have been made by the author (the reviewer has not seen the German edition) and that is the listing in the Index of almost all the Chinese leaders with their 'given' name instead of their family name as the key word for reference, e.g. Kaishek, Chiang; Peifu, Wu! It is as though an English writer were to list his personalities: Tom, Brown; Tom, Jones; etc.

JOHN F. DAVIDSON.

BEAUTY AND HORROR

THE LOST CHILD, by Rahel Sanzara, translated from the German by Winifred Katzin (Longmans, Green, pp. 359, \$2.50).

RAHEL Sanzara makes an idyll out of one of the ugliest stories ever conceived. The remarkable thing about the book is not the theme—a book of abnormal psychology may have suggested this—but the setting of the theme in a world of idyllic beauty, and the creation of a group of characters equally idyllic.



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Even Fritz, the terrible neurotic, the horrible murderer, has the radiant personality of some poetic fancy, and beauty in the midst of horror is the lasting impression left by the book. So serene and exalted is the mood that one wonders if it can be psychologically sound. Crime and devastating loss lead to such profound peace and silence that the effect upon the mind is almost anaesthetic and the lasting impression is neither of horror nor of pity, but rather of quiet acceptance.

Whether life contains the possibility of such a story or not, the artistic unity is complete. Rahel Sanzara's people are a world in themselves, a world which includes men like Christian who can forgive without understanding, and jailers who all unconsciously turn prison into a place of mental healing.

The central character, Fritz, is the creation of the artist's intense imagination. She holds his complete personality and his whole long life in her mind, and never falters in her presentation. He is never analysed or explained, but lives vividly before us. He is the child of a brutal assault, but spends his early years in happy surroundings with foster-brothers of his own age, a gentle and devoted mother, and in a delightful hard-working farm-home. An unnatural modesty is the only warning to the reader of something wrong within. Then at the age of eight he is suddenly confronted with his father, a horrible brute, breaking into the peace of his life. Henceforth Fritz is subject to terrible seizures. For years at a time he is his placid gentle self; there is not a trace of cruelty, or even of unkindness. Then suddenly, three or four times in his life, the terrible impulse to murder links itself with desire, and the boy is at the mercy of the horrible foe within. The cure (for only once after the age of twenty does the impulse return, and then only in drunkenness) comes through self-knowledge. It begins during the trial when his mother explains to the court what she knows about his mind:—

Her terrible words had moved him to the depths of his soul. For he had heard them less as words than read them as signs, blood-witnesses to his own blood, revealing his inmost spirit not to others but to himself. They were the first sparks of that flame which was to arise within him, to destroy his sinister blood and the murderous passion it inspired, gradually to lighten his darkness and lead his soul to knowledge of itself.

In prison the cure continues through the terrible experience of self-injury and the healing process of dream, peaceful work, and the self-respect which comes from an acceptance of his punishment. So at last he comes back to his master Christian's household, where the rest of his life passes almost undisturbed:—

Martin (Fritz) now forty-eight, found leisure to sing, to build hutches and cages, to carve toys for the children... The creatures of the fields played fearlessly about him. He was never drunk again; he was utterly happy. His growing stoutness tended to make him indolent, though he still worked with enthusiasm.

So the beautiful and hideous story draws to a close, the whole most tenderly conceived and skilfully handled but perhaps too rarefied and remote to be deeply moving.

But the world of Christian, the head of the household, and the character of Christian himself make an even stronger impression than the tragic story of Fritz. Christian, the father of the murdered child, is the ideal

master of human relationships, and the idyllic grouping of the characters around him suggests some early Arcadia. Everything is perfect till Fritz's evil impulse destroys all happiness. Christian as husband, brother, father, master, holds the happiness of the little world of Treuen in his hand. 'Christian's life was one with his people's; and they put their lives in his hands in the deepest trustfulness. He cared for them all, from his own family down to the merest day-labourer.' In his hands Fritz too is safe when he passes from prison back to the heavenly peace of the farm. Perhaps, in default of such characters as Christian, countries like our own do well to consign murderers to the mercy of heaven.

MARGARET FAIRLEY.

THE NEW MORALITY

MARRIAGE AND MORALS, by Bertrand Russell (Allen and Unwin; pp. 254; 7/6).

TO HELP build up a positive new morality in place of the older conventions which have already in great measure disappeared is the purpose of this book. We may, if we like, prefer the older system. But it has gone, and we cannot call it back. The world (if we learnt our own lessons before the war) is, as Jolyon Forsyte said, no longer our world; the post-war generation has ousted us from the strong positions, and the only thing which our generation can do is to be philosophical about it with men like Mr. Bertrand Russell, and say how we hope things will turn out. If the younger generation listens to him they will show their wisdom, for he brings a clear vision and a generous understanding to their problems, and contributes positive standards by which they may appraise the values that they have already established. Mr. Russell takes the world as he finds it; welcomes the frankness which he did not find in his own generation; shows how this frankness is at once the source and the safeguard of freedom; recognizes the changed standards of the new age; and, when all is said, states, preaches if you will, a new morality by all odds harder than the old. Always and everywhere complete equality of rights, always a union of mind as well as of body, always respect for the other's desires, always recognition of the other's freedom; these, according to Mr. Russell, are essential to any good sexual union, whether in marriage or outside, and who can say that this is less strenuous morality than that of the pre-war age? It is a morality that has to be striven for, that cannot be 'lost' or 'stolen' or 'sold', that can only be achieved with wide-open eyes, and that at best will only be partially achieved by most people.

Although Mr. Russell is chiefly concerned with the future, he is too much of a historian not to give full due to existing institutions. He makes a careful examination of the traditions in which marriage and the family are rooted, and considers how far these roots have been weakened by science and social change. Certainly in the face of the rapid changes in social equilibrium, brought about by the industrial revolution and the war, and the rapid advance in knowledge, by which we can control not only the quantity but to some extent the quality of the next generation, it would be strange indeed if the old morality with its taboos, its eye-winkings, its disregard of honesty, self-respect, and mental integrity within and without mar-

riage, could stand unchanged. Just how permanently it will be superseded no one can say; nor how widespread will be the results of the newer outlook. But thinkers like Mr. Russell are helping to give sanity and seriousness to the movement towards a new ethic. He brings the clearest light to his subject from all sides. The reality of his problem demands a solution which will satisfy the scientific minds of today, who cannot shut their eyes to the complexity of the sex-life. The book will bring rich suggestions to all but the conventional moralist and will undoubtedly contribute to the joy and satisfaction of the intelligent young people of today who honestly wish to make a good thing of their new-found freedom. The re-statement of values, religious and moral, which our own generation has seen, cannot possibly mean that men and women are less seriously concerned with the good life. Indeed when such a re-statement means the removal of a whole system of taboos, who cannot see the possibility of one of those leaps forward which Shaw considers in the Preface to *'Back to Methuselah'*?

MARGARET FAIRLEY.

A PROPHET OF BEAUTY

HEART OF ASIA, by Nicholas Roerich (New Era Library; Roerich Museum Press; New York; \$1.50).

BEFORE reviewing this last book by Roerich, may I be allowed to briefly recall that Nicholas Roerich, who was born in Russia fifty-five years ago, is all at once a painter, a philosopher, an explorer, a scientist, and a writer. The wonder of his universal creative power is that he seldom ceases to be one or the other, and the message he brings to his contemporaries is a synthesis of all these creative faculties.

The Roerich Museum of New York was founded in November 1923 and is devoted to the art of Roerich. It is perhaps a unique example of such an institution dedicated to a single living artist. The Museum collections comprise more than one thousand of Roerich's works. A wide extension of this organization was made possible by the co-operation of affiliated institutions such as the Master Institute of the Roerich Museum, the International Art Center of the Roerich Museum, and the Roerich Museum Press from which has come *Heart of Asia*.

Heart of Asia is a sort of worked-over diary which, in its original form, probably was a collection of vivid notes written in the saddle or in the tents under which Professor Roerich and his caravan spent many a night during the five years of his trip in Central Asia.

Like the Bayon tower at Angkor, (these magnificent ruins of Kmers' Temples which lie in Indochina,) every work of Roerich, be it a book or a painting, presents several sides. On each side one finds the enigmatic, impressive, greatly inspiring vision of Buddha.

It is this impression which I keep, after having read this book, which is not wholly a description of a trip of exploration, a complete essay on the religion of Tibet, or a positive prophesy of the advent of Shambhala—this Asiatic conception of a Messiah—although it is all of this combined; for it bears everywhere the mysterious imprint of 'that great spirit which has gestated in turn each religion of the world'.

The style in which Roerich writes is very simple, almost bare in its disregard for ornamentation. It is also very rugged, in part, and quite matter of fact. Yet, in the midst of a statement, of a description that is purely literal, Roerich, like the bards of the Middle Ages will suddenly change his tone, and there will flow from his pen, as from the mouths of the wandering poets, an inspiring passage or a beautiful legend, and the reader will take such a flight with him that he will be disconcerted to find, upon turning the page, that the author has again alighted upon the earth and is telling stories of the physical handicaps and troubles which he and his caravan encountered while travelling in Central Asia.

How, through all these wanderings, Roerich arrives at the question of peace in the world will appear inconsistent to the average reader, who comes to this book without the background of a previous acquaintance with some phase of the work of this 'Prophet of Universal Beauty'.

Heart of Asia is distinctly meant for those few spiritual adventurers who, having discovered the emptiness and folly of our western civilization and its machine-made culture and ideals, are willing to turn toward Asia, this mother of all civilizations, for a new spring of inspiration and life. They alone will appreciate the chaotic beauty of this book. They alone will not laugh at the affirmative statement on the part of Roerich, the artist-prophet, 'that the concept of Shambhala corresponds to the aspirations of our most serious Western scientific research.'

JEHANNE BIETRY SALINGER.

I'm Alone



He joined the British Navy and chased submarines in the North Sea. He was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant Commander and was decorated for valour by his King. He rescued a French ship from a submarine and was decorated by the French government. He became an expert in that mysterious weapon, the fish hydrophone, and was assigned to command a fleet of vessels.

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By Captain Jack Randell

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FICTION

THE HAWBUCKS, by John Massfield, (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 336; \$2.50.)

The publisher's comment on the fly-leaf sums up this book unusually well: '... a novel of the English countryside. Instead of the alien adventures of *Sard Harker* and *Odtaa* he gives us English romance: the plot is simply the competition or six or seven young bachelors for the hand of a beautiful girl. And which will the beauty pick?'

Mr. Massfield has a great gift of describing moments of tension. The artistic acrobatics of *Sard Harker* and *Odtaa* kept the tension to the end; and the result was a nightmare, but a first-rate nightmare. His new theme does not give much scope to this particular talent, and, taken as a whole, the result is second-rate. It is significant that the publishers could not remember whether the wooers are six or seven (as a matter of fact there are eight). Carrie Harriew, the beauty, is undoubtedly overwhelming in her physical charm, 'Nothing lovelier was in the seven shires. The six male hearts beat fast as they watched the lovely mouth bite into a sugary cake, and then, with exquisite grace, lick away the happy crumb that lingered on her finger-top.' Her motto, she explains, is to 'eat the wild-oat cake while the digestion's good,' but she shows no trace of intelligence. Perhaps that is why her adorers are all young, and all bachelors. Nor, indeed, are they better endowed, except Nick, but there are dark hints of a dirty past in Nick's life; he is the sort of man who lives in towns, and if the beauty does marry him in the end, that is (we gather) her mistake.

Twice (or is it three times?) they all go fox-hunting, and we get the fine piece of writing that we expect from the author of *Reynard The Fox*. And, although we do not here realize the fox from the inside, we do get inside the horses, for Mr. Massfield can make animals live. Indeed, the horses are the only consistently alive characters in the book, while human beings only reach beyond purely external life in a moment of crisis or when the violence of a single emotion brings them near the level of brutes: Squire Harriew, the old bull, in a furiously ungovernable rage when the company are late for lunch; Vaughan, slave to his unreasoning lust; George (the hero), battling with a snow-storm or in a frenzy of despair because his suit has been refused. Far above them all is the pathetic but strong

character of Maid Margaret, the old squire's illegitimate daughter, but she is only sketched in. There are also, here and there, a few delicate touches which help to make the book worth while. But it is a thing of shreds and patches, not the work of art we are entitled to expect from so great an artist.

G. M. A. G.

THE RUNNER, by Ralph Connor (Doubleday, Doran and Gundy; pp. 481; \$2.00.)

There is excellent material for a stirring historical romance with its setting in the Niagara Peninsula during the war of 1812. Ralph Connor has proved it by gathering this material together, apparently with a good deal of interest and accuracy, and care. Unfortunately, his care seems to have ceased with the gathering of the material, for with this as a background he has thrown together a very careless novel. Its disregard of form and style, and the Hentyesque unconvincingness of its superman hero prevent it from being a good story for adults while the mawkishness of its love story takes it out of the class of boys' books.

J. D. R.

THE GREAT FRIGHT, by Madge Macbeth and A. B. Conway (Carrier; pp. 326; \$2.50.)

THE FLYING CANOE, by J. E. LeRossignol (McClelland and Stewart; pp. 302; \$2.50.)

These two volumes should serve as correctives to each other. They have one feature in common, ostensibly. The scenes of both are laid in Quebec, and the characters in both are French-Canadian. There the resemblance ends. Mr. LeRossignol gives us a series of sketches and stories from an idyllic habitant world, in which there is only love and gentleness and goodness, in which any villains who must be introduced are made sufficiently non-human to leave the world still peopled with charming people only; in which there is quaintness and quiet rillery, but no malice; into which pathos is allowed to enter, but from which tragedy is carefully excluded; a world of wish-fulfilment, a world such as lovers sigh for, and romantic ladies dream of; a world such as Hamilton Wright Mable and Henry Van Dyke used to create for us, a pleasant world into which to escape, if one prefers Arcady.

If you delight in *The Flying Canoe*, you will find *The Great Fright* horrid. Its characters are habitants, but there

is no hero or saint among them, except for the time when Onesiphore turns hermit. There is humour; in fact, the whole book is one huge Gargantuan laugh, a Rabelaisian blast which remorselessly shatters the whole beautiful fabric of Mr. LeRossignol's building. For the sugar of his menu, there is salt, Gallic salt, a-plenty, in *The Great Fright*. The authors are careful to explain that their aim is not a true picture of village life in French Canada, but a fanciful caricature.

J. D. R.

THE MEDDLERS, by Jonathan Leonard (Viking Press-Irwin & Gordon; pp. 416; \$2.50.)

The Meddlers deals with settlement workers in a big American city. It is a novel of disillusion. Louise Wilberton, a wealthy young settlement worker, comes under the influence of a remarkable man named Elston and begins to question her own motives and those of her fellow reformers. She realizes that she is 'using the sufferings of unfortunate people to build in her own mind a harmony of reflected sufferings', that like most reformers she is indulging the strongest of human passions, the passion for interference, and that she can do good to the slum-dwellers only by cutting herself loose from organized uplift and living amongst them tolerantly. This she does, and the story tells how in finding her own soul she finds also destruction for herself. The end is tragic and ironic.

The person who so affects Louise Wilberton that she gives up wealth and culture to live in the slums is a young student, Carolus Elston. Although he shoots himself when the novel has only run a hundred pages, his spirit remains active in the lives of others like a good or evil genius. He is a bundle of contradictory ideals, a hedonistic nature jangled by religious upbringing, by the belief instilled into him that the world is all wrong and that his duty is to set it right. 'Look at me', he says. 'Am I fitted for anything? How would you like to live in Italy, or in some other pagan country, and look at the very sunlight with disapproval? I tried to find out what was the matter but I never could.'

As an indictment of Social Service *The Meddlers* is not wholly convincing; for, under finer leaders than the self-seeking Professor Kleinreinstein and the sentimental Mrs. Sodality, might not Social Service do some good? It is not as a tract, however,

that this book is to be judged, but as a novel, a study of men and women. As such, it has much to commend it. Its people have marked individualities. They are drawn with few strokes, and in drawing the three chief persons, Elston, Louise, and her husband, the author shows understanding and subtle touch. The style is quiet, hard, and spare, well-suited to the pervading spirit of disillusion.

J. T. J.

SKETCH OF A SINNER, by Frank Swinnerton (Doubleday, Doran, & Gundy; pp. 319; \$2.00.)

Mr. Swinnerton has never created better characters than Lydia of Kentish Town and the three men she loved in three different ways, and the atmosphere of the book is so real that we can smell the fried fish and feel the thin slime of the streets underfoot and see with stricken eyes the drab basements and parlours that make the background for Lydia's original and sweet personality. When her workaday life behind the antique shop of her oldish husband becomes complicated by the passion of two lovers, one a pitifully weak character, the other a masterful yet gentle one, we know that somebody must suffer; but Mr. Swinnerton (either out of a morbid enthusiasm for the tragic or a determination to wring the last tear from our hearts over a heroine he is himself in love with) overdoes his tragedy and thereby ruins a most promising novel. Meningitis meted out to one lover, sudden death to the other, paralysis for life to the husband—surely this is an excessive punishment for so charming and innocent a sinner!

R. DE B.

BOOKS ON RELIGION

A FREE CHURCH BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER, (J. M. Dent and Sons Ltd.; pp. 552; \$1.00.)

This is a most remarkable production. Without any indication as to its authorship it is clearly the work of a group of men in the Free Churches in England who have been influenced by the Catholic Revival, more particularly, it may be hazarded, by the promoters of the Society of Free Catholics, one of whom, Dr. W. E. Orchard, had already enriched Protestant liturgies by his *Divine Service*, published a few years ago.

This book has drawn upon many sources, largely upon the Anglican Book of Common Prayer, but with a freedom and discernment that is highly commendable. But there is a catholicity about the book that must

be astonishing to those who have not been aware of the recent tendencies in English Nonconformity, and it is not altogether surprising that even amongst English Nonconformists there has been considerable criticism of the length to which the compilers have gone. In the Order for The Celebration of the Eucharist for example, we have actually a more Catholic form than that in the Anglican Prayer Book, and it is safe to say that there would have been some difficulty in getting this through the British Parliament. There is an Order of Confirmation, and an Office for The Communion of the Sick when the Sacrament is Reserved, a Form of Healing, and also Prime and Compline, while Prayers for the Departed are provided for both in the Eucharist and the Burial of the Dead. Wisely, as we think, the creeds have been put in an appendix and not included in any of the services. A notable part of the book is the Psalter in the Authorized Version together with the Canticles, specially pointed for chanting in speech-rhythm, the first attempt that has been made, according to Dr. Walford Davies, to make this provision for Free Church choirs.

It can safely be said that this is the most remarkable book of its kind in existence, and whether it is acceptable, as a whole or not, to Free Churches and their sister churches out of England, it will certainly be widely used in those churches, as well as by Anglicans wherever it is known. It is a treasure-house of devotional forms, and we believe that it will go a long way to the meeting of a felt need in many congregations.

Owing to the generosity of anonymous donors the cost of publication was met apart from the profits on the book, and it is on that account that this book, beautifully printed and bound, is available at such an extraordinarily low price.

F. J. M.

FOR MIDDLE-CLASS CHRISTIANS, By Harold B. Shephard, (Allen and Unwin; pp. 80; 3/6).

The vigilant anti-Bolshevik will not fail to dislike this book. He will at least accuse the author of writing Socialist propaganda disguised as a pleasant Sunday morning sermon.

The devotee of religious literature, on the other hand, will be equally disappointed when he finds that the brand of piety here expressed is not quite his own. But in fact nothing very startling is here contained; rather, the contents of the book suggest a curious blend of incisiveness and conventionality, an exposure of the compromise which has been forced by modern Christians on the ethics of Christ, expressed in the gentle, irrational style of a Sunday School pamphlet.

It is new wine but in old wine skins, and the book stands a little in danger therefore of pleasing no one, but if the writer stops short of any careful systematic analysis of the rottenness of twentieth century civilization, and can suggest no reform which goes further than boys' clubs and travelling third class, yet he is at least aware that the rottenness is there, and for that reason alone the book is worth reading.

The background is post-war industrial England, depressed and restless. Prosperous Canada may feel that there can be no lesson here for her, and yet one wonders. Mr. Shephard at least puts his finger on an attitude to life to which thousands in our midst, regular in their attendance and support of city churches, would subscribe if they were honest—"What interests him is his own life; the success of his business . . . buying cheap and selling dear, keeping down overhead charges . . . he thinks a good deal about his home, and the prospects of his family. A good fellow, without coarse vices, decent living; with home and business and golf he goes on unawakened to death."

E. A. H.



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Little Shop 'Round the Corner

THE BOOK OF JOB: Its Substance and Spirit, By W. G. Jordan (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 191; \$2.00.)

The Book of Job has a permanent value for two reasons: it is a classic treatment of the Problem of Suffering, and it is also a great piece of literature. Yet in all probability few people read it now-a-days (it is in the Bible!), and it is safe to say that the majority of those who do read it have difficulties both with the text and its interpretation. Dr. Jordan is of great assistance here. His first endeavour, it is true, is to present the book as 'a great literary work', and this he succeeds in doing, but he also gives life to it as a religious document, both elucidating its message and succinctly setting it forth. His book is a useful introduction alike to those who want to study the book as literature, and to those who want to read it for its religious message.

F. J. M.

THE MESSAGE OF MOSES, By A. S. Wadia (J. M. Dent & Sons Ltd; pp. XIX, 100; 75 cents.)

This is number four in a Message series of great religious characters. Mr. Wadia regards Moses as one of the very greatest of the world's great men, who grasped more intimately and essentially than any other, before or since his time, 'those foundational principles of life and morality, without which human beings cannot form a society nor live together in peace and amity.' The world will indeed have to return to the message of Moses, 'that eternal message of Righteousness and Social Justice' before it can right its wrongs. The healing touch is possible by means of justice, and justice alone. It is in this direction that he believes the future of Israel really lies. The Jews' ancient boast of being the chosen people of God, with the conceit that has commonly gone with it, must be discarded, and a more modest programme adopted, of living the essential truths of Mosaism out, and demonstrating to the world that they are still applicable to modern times. The historical chapters of the book are sufficiently informative to make this study of Moses interesting and useful for the ordinary reader.

F. J. M.

MISCELLANEOUS

POEMS OF LEISURE, by Eli; THE LAMP AND OTHER VERSES, by Edna Kate Harrison; A SONG OF PRAISE, AND OTHER POEMS, by Kate Newman (all 1/-); GEMS FROM THE WAYSIDE, by Ruth Goldsmith (2/-) (London. A. H. Stockwell.)

The quality of these writers can be better conveyed by extracts than by description: I give one passage from each book, but not in the above order.

I thought the world was hard and cold,
I thought no one was kind;
Oh, what a big mistake I made!—
You've made me change my mind.

Copernicus! O mighty name, that pass
In stately line through life of every class;
How great thine lasting tasks, ere
they were done,
Father of culture of the heavenly home,
We revere and honour thee, glorious
light, who begun
The Lore of it all.

For Britons know no conqueror,
Her warriors know no fear,
She rules the mighty ocean deep,
Britannia rules the 'air'.

A workman's lunch is nice,
Cold meat between each slice
Of bread, with pickles three
And cheese and thermosed-tea.

You make certain obvious comments, yes; but there is another side to the subject. I will wager that you, Reader, have written like this. Certainly I have done so: when younger I composed a poem the whole of which is still with me. Here it is—all my own unaided work, as the children's competitions insist:

Little lizard, little lizard,
Climbing o'er the rocks
In calm ignorance of the hunter's skill.

Now, why? What madness impels us to 'write' such trash? Only one explanation offers itself: a foolish excess of 'education'. People rush at defenceless children and bathe them in poetry with intent to form their taste, open their eyes to beauty, and kindred exploits of spiritual surgery. The poor infant has no taste to form: all that he gets is mere sound, a rhythm with no real content, and the result is an excitement of the mind without any illumination of the spirit. (The same thing may be observed in adults

who 'revel in music', that heavenly but treacherous art which, unlike every other, can give genuine delight yet leave the devotee cloddish till death.) Children get no more satisfaction from *Hohenlinden* than from rhythmically chanting the multiplication-table or the 'masculines in—is':

Amnis, axis, caulis, collis,
clunis, crinis, fascis, follis,
fustic, ignis, orbis, ensis,
panis, piscis, postis, mensis,
torris, unguis and canalis,
vectis, vermis AND natalis.

Then, with this noise in our ears, they make up any rubbish for themselves. In later life much the same thing happens: consider how much rapture people get out of the word 'Hallelujah', which is simply a noise, though a glorious noise. The process of childhood continues for many of us; as we lay hold on maturity and life ferments, our mind is at the same time deluged with literature. If it is the Bible, we write a novel whose name is a quotation therefrom—'As an Army with Banners', or 'Above Rubies' or 'What of the Night?' (These titles sound so obvious that I begin to fear angry letters from persons who have actually used them.) If it is poetry, we write sonnets or... at the age of seventeen, being drunk with Keats, I wrote a thing 'like *Endymion*' (Heaven help me!), which I decline to write out here. And so did you. The souls of most educated people are parasites crawling over the golden apples of the Hesperides.

G. N.

THE BACKWOODS OF CANADA, by Catharine Parr Traill (McClelland and Stewart; pp. 377; \$3.00.)

In making available by new editions some of the earlier works on Canada, Messrs. McClelland and Stewart are performing a real service of which Canadians should be appreciative. The 'pioneering era' is not yet past in Canada, and will not be for some time yet, but pioneering to-day is carried on under conditions very different in many ways from those under which our grandparents laboured when they swept the great forests from the older settled parts of the country. As the number of those who had first-hand knowledge of these conditions, and from whom many of us obtained our first thrills of proud romance in their recital, all too rapidly decreases, so do their accounts become enhanced in value.

Pioneering is home-building. It is perhaps for that reason not a matter of surprise that three of the best ac-

The Canadian Forum, while welcoming manuscripts of general articles, stories, and verse, is not at present paying for material.

counts of early days in Ontario should be written by women. Mrs. Jameson's *Winter Studies and Summer Rambles in Canada*, although written by one who was only a transient and rather unhappy resident of Canada, is a most illuminating and fascinating account of early Toronto, and of travelling conditions among the treaty Indians. Mrs. Moodie's famous *Roughing It in the Bush* gives us a detailed account of incidents in the lives of the pioneers, incidents that were sufficiently characteristic to commend the book to a large proportion of the reading public of her own and the immediately succeeding generation. In *The Backwoods of Canada*, Mrs. Traill, a sister of the author of *Roughing It in the Bush*, gives us her impressions of life in Upper Canada when she settled here, in the early thirties of the last century. Mrs. Moodie derives her chief pleasure from the recounting of incident. Mrs. Traill is more interested in observation of flora and fauna, of which she writes with the accuracy and attention to detail of the trained naturalist. But this is not all. There are animated descriptions of most of the activities which went to make up the busy life of the enterprising settler from the time he left the Old Country to the day when he could see his original clearing surrounded by well-cultivated, open farm country, and could reckon his pioneering days as past.

J. D. R.

THE ORIGIN AND CONCLUSION OF THE PARIS PACT, by Denys P. Myers (World Peace Foundation, Boston; pp. 196; 40c.).

This useful little book not only gives the information essential to a proper understanding of the Peace Pact, but in addition a concise statement of the other plans that have been put forward since the beginning of the century to limit the right to declare war. The appendices are particularly valuable in that they contain copies of the official letters and documents which were exchanged during the negotiations.



The Reader's FORUM

The Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM,
Sir:

In your issue for March, 1930, F.H.U. concludes his paragraphs entitled 'O Canada' with the words, 'If ever I meet an Imperialist who is sincerely interested in Geneva I shall be willing to listen to his talk about cooperation within the Commonwealth.' This is really very kind of him, and I would offer myself as fulfilling the requirements, were it not for a fear that he would consider me to be but *maigre gibier*. But what about General Smuts, with whom even F.H.U. must be willing to dispute on an equality? Can any one deny his passionate belief both in the Third British Empire, and in the League of Nations? If F.H.U. regrets that geographical difficulties prevent so interesting a conversation, what about his fellow contributor to THE CANADIAN FORUM, Mr. Richard de Brisy. To the same issue Mr. de Brisy contributes three admirable pages, which are meaningless unless they imply a sincere belief both in the British Empire and in the League of Nations. Perhaps the difficulty is that F.H.U. identifies all Imperialists with what his colleague describes as a 'dwindling minority of old-fashioned Imperialists', and that I too fully identify him with 'those minds in Canada and the other Dominions which have toyed in the past with the idea of complete independence.'

When the report of Sir John Aird's Commission has been adopted, and we have a decent Canadian radio service under government control, let us hope that one of the first educational features to be staged will be a debate between your two contributors. In

the meantime may I suggest to F.H.U. that a good deal of uncertainty in the minds of his readers would be cleared up if he would answers the following questions?

- (1) How does he define Imperialist?
- (2) Does he think that the political ideal at which we should aim is membership in the League of Nations of a Canada as politically independent of the other Dominions and of Great Britain as is Norway or Japan?

Yours etc.,

W. L. GRANT.

F. H. U. writes:—'It is said to be good tactics in controversy to begin by accusing your opponent of the trick which you mean to play yourself. Mr. Grant begins by accusing me of identifying Imperialism with an anti-League-of-Nations spirit and then goes on to draft his questions so as to insinuate that Nationalism must be leading to an anti-British independence. I could not give a definition of Imperialism that would satisfy Mr. Grant any more than he could give one of Nationalism that would satisfy me. But we each know an Imperialist or a Nationalist when we see one. I am not anti-British; I am anti-Chamberlain and anti-Amery. And I should certainly want Canadian policy at Geneva to be distinct from the policy of these gentlemen'.—Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.

The Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM..
Sir:

I seen the picture of the Rocky Mts. in your paper. I don't know art but I know the Rocky Mts. The picture may be art but it aint the Rocky Mts.

Yours, etc.,

J. M. ANDERSON.

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BOOKS RECEIVED

The listing of a book in this column does not preclude a more extended notice in this or subsequent issues.

CANADIAN BOOKS

THE HASTING DAY, by George Herbert Clarke (J. M. Dent & Sons; pp. 100; \$1.00).

THE DISCOVERY OF CANADA, (by Lawrence J. Burpee (The Graphic Publishers Ltd.; pp. 102).

MONEY AND BANKING SYSTEM OF THE UNITED STATES, by John Percival Day (Macmillans in Canada; pp. vii, 120; \$1.50).

THE ST. LAWRENCE WATERWAY PROJECT, by George Washington Stephens (Louis Carrier & Co.; pp. 460; \$6.00).

THE ROOSEVELT AND THE ANTINOE, by E. J. Pratt (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 44; \$1.50).

THE INTELLIGENCE SERVICE WITHIN THE CANADIAN CORPS, by Major J. E. Hahn (Macmillans in Canada; pp. xxii, 263; \$3.50).

TIDAL YEARS AND OTHER POEMS, by M. Blanche Bishop; pp. 66).

GENERAL

A HANDBOOK OF GREEK & ROMAN ARCHITECTURE, by D. S. Robertson (Macmillans in Canada; pp. xxiv, 406; \$7.50).

THE HAWBUCKS, by John Masefield (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 336; \$2.50).

MODERN BARRIES AND NURSERIES, by Len Chaloner (Oxford University Press; pp. 122; 75 cents).

THE ESSENTIALS OF DEMOCRACY, by A. D. Lindsay (Oxford University Press; pp. 82; \$1.00).

THE LEAGUE COUNCIL IN ACTION, by T. P. Conwell-Evans (Oxford University Press; pp. 285; \$3.75).

ELIZABETHAN AND OTHER ESSAYS, by Sir Sidney Lee (Oxford University Press; pp. ix, 337; \$5.50).

MALORY, by Eugene Vinaver (Oxford University Press; pp. 208; \$4.50).

THE LOST CHILD, by Rahel Sanzara (Longmans, Green & Co.; pp. 359; \$2.50).

LINCOLN, by Emil Ludwig (McClendland & Stewart; pp. viii, 505; \$5.00).

COMMANDO, by Denys Reitz (Charles Boni Paper Books; pp. 313).

PURE GOLD, by O. E. Rolvaag (Museum Book Co., Ltd.; pp. 346; \$2.50).

STUDIES IN LITERATURE, third series, by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 261; \$3.00).

THE BREAD OF BRITAIN, by A. H. Hurst (Oxford University Press; pp. ix, 79; 75 cents).

THE WORLD CRISIS OF 1914-1918, by Elie Halevy (Oxford University Press; pp. 57; \$1.50).

HUMANITY UPROOTED, by Maurice Hindus (Cape-Nelson; pp. xix, 369; \$3.00).

ABOUT ENGLISH POETRY, by G. F. Bradby (Oxford University Press; pp. 78; 75 cents).

DOCUMENTS ON INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS 1928, edited by John W. Wheeler-Bennett (Oxford University Press; pp. 254; \$3.75).

SURVEY OF INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS 1928, by Arnold J. Toynbee (Oxford University Press; pp. 506; \$6.25).

ATTIC BLACK-FIGURE, by J. D. Beazley (Oxford University Press; pp. 50 & 16 plates; \$2.50).

WILLIAM PITT, THE YOUNGER, by P. W. Wilson (Doubleday, Doran & Gundy; pp. 347; \$3.00).

THERE WAS A SHIP, by Richard Le Gallienne (Doubleday, Doran & Gundy; pp. 325; \$2.00).

THE DOOM OF CONAIRE MOR, by W. E. Walsh (Louis Carrier & Co.; pp. 346; \$3.50).

THE REAL BERNARD SHAW, by Maurice Colbourne (J. M. Dent & Sons; pp. 66; 90 cents).

OLIVER'S DAUGHTER, by Richard Church (J. M. Dent & Sons; pp. 275; \$2.00).

TURN BACK THE LEAVES, by E. M. Delafield (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 328; \$2.00).

THE BOOK OF BEAUTY, by H. M. Green (J. M. Dent & Sons; pp. 75; \$1.50).

ENGLISH GOVERNMENT AND POLITICS, by Frederick Austin Ogg (Macmillans in Canada; pp. viii, 783; \$4.75).

MARSHAL FOCH, by Major-General Sir George Aston (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 483; \$5.00).

HOLISM AND EVOLUTION, by General The Right Hon. J. C. Smuts (Macmillans in Canada; pp. vii, 361; \$5.50).

THE RISE OF AMERICAN CIVILIZATION, by Charles A. Beard & Mary R. Beard (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 323; \$3.00).



A CHILDREN'S THEATRE

HENCE! home, you idle creatures, *git* you home!' cried Flavius, aged ten, in the opening speech of *Julius Caesar*, which was being given by the Shakespeare Club. Marullus had been stationed beside him to give him a punch, to remind him of his e's, but habit was strong, and Flavius was well away—What was an e to him!

Hence! home, you idle creatures, *git* you home!
Is this a holiday? What! Know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk
Upon a labouring day without the sign
of your profession? Speak, what trade art thou?

Over a hundred children sat spell-bound in the Little Theatre. Flavius, Marullus, and certain commoners were meeting in a street in Rome, the commoners bustling and excited, the tribunes gloomy, and majestic. Considering the age of the actors, we thought that performance of *Julius Caesar* was a masterpiece. With the exception of Great Caesar, who was twelve, and whose part was, after all, a minor one, none of the cast was over eleven, and some of them were ten. And it is never Shakespeare simplified, that is

given, but the original, as far as they go. It is droll to hear their frowning eloquence as they roll the rich Shakespearian phrases off their tongues, to see them striding about, in tunic or toga, so little and so fiery-hearted. Great Caesar's death was done so well that even the audience jumped. But the most memorable figures of the cast were the calm and noble Brutus, whose earnest knitting of the brow was offset to some extent by a lisp, and the small but stately Mark Antony, who was truly superb for his eleven years.

Children have a way of clinging tenaciously to their private first pronunciation of a word. Cassius, in spite of every effort on the part of his director, in the final performance of the play thus described at the height of an impassioned speech the crossing of the Tiber by himself and Caesar:—

The torrent roared, and we did buffet it

With lusty sinews, throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy;

But that was not so noticeable as Caesar's stern rebuke to the petitioners surrounding him, just before his death:—

'Hence! wilt thou lift up O-lump-us?'
And little Manny Rosenzweig, the smallest and mildest of the boys, who

had been cast for Portia, always knew his lines, but sometimes forgot where to pause, an idiosyncrasy which usually relieved the observation of its meaning. Manny would invariably say: 'Ay, me, how weak a thing the heart of woman is, O Brutus!' exercising all his strength upon the verb.

But *Julius Caesar* is only one of many plays that have been given by children in the Little Theatre, at Boys' and Girls' House, 40 St. George Street, headquarters of the children's libraries in Toronto. When the Little Theatre was built in 1928 it was intended to be merely an addition to Boys' and Girls' House, but instead it has become the centre of the library-children's dramatic clubs throughout the city. Their ambition now is to put on, at their own branch-library, a play worthy of being repeated in the Little Theatre at Boys' and Girls' House. From the middle of September until the end of May, the Little Theatre is in constant use. If a play is uncommonly well done, a special performance is sometimes given for the grown-up relatives and friends of the cast, but as a rule, for reasons that are obvious, the audience is composed exclusively of children.

Children give the plays, and children form the audience, limited to a hundred, the seating-capacity of the Little Theatre. I wish I could say that the children choose the plays, but the truth clips my wings. It is true that they are offered a choice, but always with a 'choose-that-if-you-dare' understanding, and they don't dare—as a witty friend described it. But after the selection is made, the children do a great deal of the work themselves, with a children's librarian to direct their efforts.

As the exercise and the enjoyment of imagination is the object of the Little Theatre, superfluities in the way of stage-settings and costume are systematically rejected. As a rule, only the barest necessities are provided, and these very often by the children themselves, who rummage in attics and bring what they have. To the imagination at their age a few yards of sacking are enough for an ogre, a Caliban, or a king, differentiation lying in a club, and a belt for the ogre's sleeveless tunic, the addition to Caliban's tunic of a grin and an ugly head-dress—with a swagger, a belted sword, and a crown of paper, for the enhancement of the king's. The merest suggestion is enough. Never shall I forget the waiter in a *David Copperfield* rehearsal, who said: 'This will do!'

and picked up an old umbrella in place of the customary duster provided for a napkin, which this time had been forgotten. To my reverent amazement Morris actually flicked that umbrella over his fore-arm, struck a waiter-attitude, and spoke his lines with all the nonchalant assurance of an actor faultlessly accoutred for his part.

Aware as I am of the reality of his or her part to every child, even I was slightly taken aback when I asked little Norma Wagman, aged six, when their play, *The Golden Apple*, would be given. 'I don't know,' she answered sadly, 'The other goddess has chicken-pox!'

As you see, children of all ages take part in the plays, while the very youngest, four and five, give pantomimes that are a joy. After starring in *Three Kittens*, a pantomime which to my lasting regret I missed seeing, little Solly Wagman, aged five, came up to me and confided in a whisper, being at all times far too shy to speak. 'They said I was the best!' 'Oh,' I answered guardedly, unwilling to increase his self-esteem, 'What did you do?' I inquired. 'I purred' he whispered with importance.

I wish there were room to give you a list of all the plays and pantomimes that have been given in the Little Theatre by children mostly between the ages of five and twelve, though a few have been thirteen. A real stage, a real curtain, and real footlights are enough to inflame the most stolid, so that the desire to act, if not the ability, burns hot in every breast. The possibility of personal handicaps never occurs to them. It isn't conceit—they merely, and quite simply, never give a thought to themselves. What children crave most is a chance. When they urge to be allowed to put on a play it never occurs to them to wonder whether or not they can do it well—all they want is a chance to do it at all. They know no fear. That devastating thought comes with years.

SADIE BUSH.

A List of Plays and Pantomimes given in The Little Theatre at Boys' and Girls' House, 40 St. George Street, Headquarters of the Children's Libraries in Toronto.

By children from five to seven years of age:—

Snowdrop and the Seven Dwarfs; The Princess Who Could Not be Silenced; Cinderella; The Golden Apple; The Elves and the Shoemaker; Hansel and Gretel; Snow White and Rose Red; The Sleeping Beauty; The Magic Fish-bone, Dickens; Milne's Prince Rabbit, and The King's Breakfast; The Three Bears; The Three Kittens.

By children between eight and twelve years of age:—

Debussy's Pantomime Ballet, Boite à Joujou; Scenes from A Midsummer Night's Dream; The Merchant of Venice; Julius Caesar; Macbeth, King Lear; Henry IV, Pt. I; The Princess and the Woodcutter; Prince Paris and Queen Helen; Clever Catherine; Lady Gregory's The Travelling Man; Six who pass While the Lentils Boil; The Robin Hood Ballads; The Mad Hatter's Tea Party; Pinocchio; Peter and Wendy; The Esquimaux Tea, from W. De La Mare's Crossings; Edna St. Vincent Millay's Two Slatterns and a King; The Christmas Carol; Toad of Toad Hall, Milne's dramatized version of Kenneth Grahame's Wind in the Willows; three scenes from Dickens.—

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NICHOLAS NICKLEBY

Toronto Branch of The Dickens Fellowship.

EXTRAVAGANT as it may sound, I cannot remember witnessing any theatrical performance that imparted delight and instruction more wonderfully combined than did this of *Nicholas Nickleby*. For when I say 'instruction', I mean it—not spiritual enlightenment or moral edification, but just a lesson in literature. For the first time I realized how closely Dickens resembles Shakespeare. There is the same godlike power of creating character: in this novel we find one of his best—Mantolini—and several others only less good—Squeers, Crummles, Mrs. Nickleby, not to mention Tilda and Miss Knag. There is the same dramatic instinct. To ascribe this to Shakespeare is not so ludicrous as it may seem at first; for not all dramatists, not all good dramatists, not even all great dramatists have this instinct—Marlowe and Racine are examples—the instinct, that is, to exhibit character and crises in human affairs by the confrontation and collision of persons. Now, this novel falls easily and (it seems to me) with no loss into stage-scenes. Most novelists, quite naturally, lose by dramatization; Dickens gains, precisely because he has this instinct, which Smollett too possessed, but is far less marked in Thackeray or Hardy. Finally, there are the same astounding lapses into half-witted rubbish for the sake of ending the job—getting the curtain down at the usual hour or completing the last monthly part in time for Chapman and Hall's printer. If anything is to be found in the work of great writers that surpasses the finale of *Cymbeline* in shameless botchery it is the close of this novel, ruthlessly flaunted before our starting eyeballs that a week later were to view *Man and Superman*. Mr. McMillan is to be warmly congratulated on his version; he has given us Dickens in all his glory and all his weakness, so that we realize why everyone praises Dickens and no one reads him. As a novelist he is normally not even third-rate; but as a creator of great figures he stands not too far below Shakespeare, as a deviser of great situations he may challenge Aristophanes, as a humorist he rivals Cervantes. All this was magnificently brought out by the Fellowship Players.

Yes, magnificently: the delight was even greater than the instruction. All the scenes were admirable—except of course, the ghastly close—and some were glorious. This excellence was

due no less to the performers than to the author. Three scenes stand out as superb: the tea-and-card-party at Dotheboy's Hall, the rehearsal of that heavenly melodrama in the Portsmouth Theatre, and the conversation between Grice and Peg Sliderskew. All these are wonderful reading, but what a hash might have been made of them on the boards! Imagine a badly acted burlesque of a badly acted performance of a badly written drama! The general level of the acting was marvelously high: to mention only two names is distasteful to me, for the whole large cast merits enthusiastic praise. But the Squeers of Mr. A. J. Rostance was a work of genius: by some wizardry he contrived, despite all the brutality and blackguardism, to reveal a touch of the dignity hardly ever lacking in those who (however vile) are accustomed to exercise authority. This betokens such rare skill that one was tempted to attribute the effect merely to something in Mr. Rostance's own character, till he appeared as Crummles and gave us something utterly different as well as delicious. Mrs. Rostance also doubled as Mrs. Squeers and Peg Sliderskew, and was—no, not delightful, as you may imagine—but horribly effective in two very differing rôles. Rarely, if ever, have I learned so much and laughed so much in the same brief space of three hours.

G. N.

HIS MAJESTY'S MAIDENS

A Romantic Comedy in Three Acts
by Raymond Card. Hart House
Theatre, Toronto:

VARIOUS causes gave this play an air of weakness and insipidity. Firstly, most of the performers were unable to carry off situations that would have been found exacting by far more accomplished players: vivid and important elements of history—social, political and military—had to be expounded in dialogue more verbose than vigorous. Secondly, a number of details irritated the spectator, some utterly trivial, some really important to atmosphere. Would Captain Surrey, while conversing with Madame Grisette, rest his foot on the bench whereon she is seated? Would Diana sit on the table while talking to Surrey? Would she pursue him so? Would all the characters discuss their love-affairs with the inn-keeper simply to enlighten the audience? A 'bottle of sack' is as unlikely as a bottle of whisky and soda. No Paris street would be called 'Rue de Faubourg'. Could any French

girl be ignorant of Cinderella's story? Why does Surrey hang about at the King's Head for so long? Thirdly, the internal development of each scene is very languid. For example: the hero's slowness in realizing that he might take Marguerite to the ball is positively laughable; the picture of Wolfe putting his foot down in favour of discipline and efficiency is grievously feeble, even if we contrive to forget the analogous scenes in *The Devil's Disciple*. Fourthly, the whole plot is loose and nerveless. The second act exists for one reason only—to bring about a complication in the third, a complication, moreover, whose solution we all saw long before the characters. How could anyone doubt that the letter which (like all correspondence in romantic comedy) arrived most opportunely, was forgotten most opportunely, and was finally most opportunely rediscovered, offered to the flames, withdrawn, almost torn up but spared—how could we doubt that it would release Surrey from his engagement? If Marguerite had really burnt it, the scene would have been tenfold better drama, and better morality too; for in any case Surrey should have married her. Instead of this, Diana behind the scenes takes the line of commonsense morality and marries her original lover merely to make things smooth for the dramatist. It seems a law of romantic comedy that the chief characters act nobly but are saved from the disagreeable results of nobility by minor characters who refuse to act romantically.

G. N.

WINNIPEG

MARY, MARY, QUITE CONTRARY
Winnipeg Community Players

THE February presentation of the Community Players in Winnipeg exactly fulfilled, so far as Winnipeg is concerned, the functions of a Little Theatre in a city where interest in the drama is almost as intense as interest in the quaint beliefs of the Andaman Islanders. *Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary* by St. John Ervine, was the production. One somehow conceives St. John Ervine as a dour, hard-headed Ulsterman from whom the last thing you would expect is gaiety. But in this play he reveals quietly humorous qualities. It is a humour that reflects not so much life itself as life as reflected by the theatre. It is the humour of a keen intelligence unafraid of presenting itself at face value to those who can comprehend it; unmindful or uncaring of those who can't. Never-

theless, the play is, by a couple of laps, too long; and presumably it is difficult to cut. The solution would have been to speed up the action by slurring quickly over the weak, unimportant points. The omission to quicken the pace detracted from the Winnipeg production. It also dulled the edges of some of the characters, who found themselves, so to speak, pinned to the scenery. However, as intimated, the play provided a pleasant evening, even if it did fall short of revealing Life and Art in any new or arresting outlines.

It was produced by Major J. W. Hawker. Excellent stage settings were provided by Fred Cunningham, Jean Mather, and Gordon Stephens.

R.U.R.

University of Manitoba Dramatic Society

QUITE the most interesting amateur production in Winnipeg this winter was the presentation by the University of Manitoba Dramatic Society of Karel Capek's *R.U.R.* at the Walker Theatre. Nancy Pyper was the producer and contrived to put a finish to the performance surprisingly good considering the material she had to work with. At least it was a gallant attempt to produce something that, obviously enough, would not be produced in Winnipeg by a professional house. As a matter of fact, the professional house is all but dead in this Gateway to the West. Few road shows come here. Stock companies die of malnutrition. The sole survivors of the professional theatre here now are of the red nose type, with lingerie and legs thrown in to tickle the tastes of the more æsthetic customers. Two of these houses appear to do a thriving business at prices ranging from ten cents up.

Part of the reason for this regrettable state of affairs could be seen at the production of *R.U.R.* A number of the students present went collegiate with a vengeance and occupied themselves with such exquisite drolleries as throwing rolls of paper on to the occupants of the ground floor. Such are the inestimable fruits of culture! It was a tribute to the power of the play that the interruptions were as few as they were. But the spectacle as a whole was a sorry one to contemplate.

Poor theatre! How it has fallen from noble estate! Bedevilled by talkies, it is now stabbed in the back by those who should be its friends.

Heigh-ho! Let us end the sad recital.

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